



The Sign

National Catholic Magazine

★ **American
Military Power**
by George Fielding Eliot
★
**Vienna Boys
Choir**



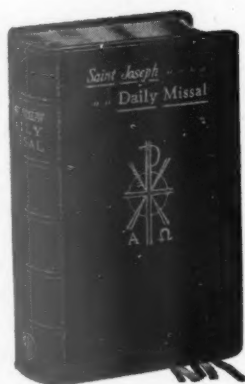
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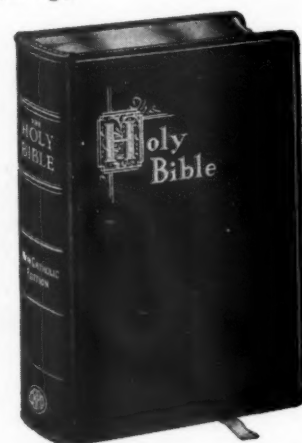
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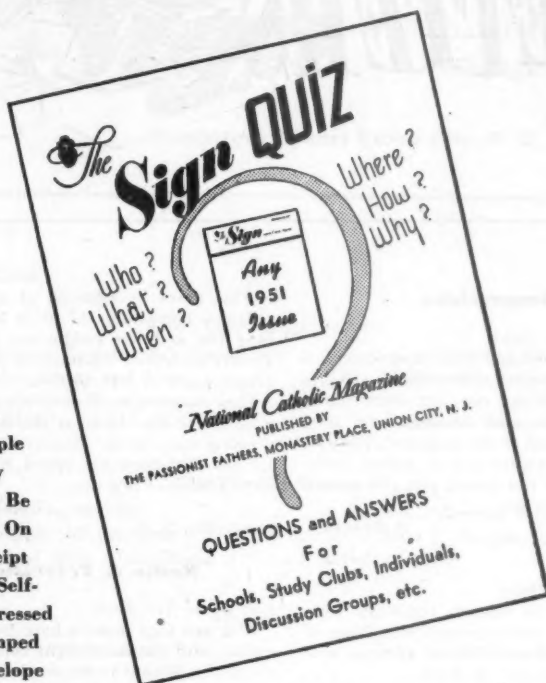
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*MARCH, 1949

Q. What's the situation in the Far East?

A. "Our own position in Japan and Korea has become one of the utmost peril and urgency. Our entire Far East army and air force consists of 4 divisions and about 650 airplanes. Russia has already massed in Manchuria and eastern Siberia 6,750 airplanes and 45 divisions."

From:

"Paving The Way For Conquest"

By Hallett Abend

THE SIGN: March, 1949

*MAY, 1949

Q. What should we do about Western Europe?

A. "Our allies in Western Europe are our first line of defense; in helping them we are helping ourselves, in neglecting them we would be inviting disaster. Congress must face the fact that in the present international situation we cannot have business as usual."

From:

"A Pact For Peace"

By Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

THE SIGN: May, 1949

*APRIL, 1950

Q. Why is Stalin helping Mao Tse-tung?

A. "Russia has huge stores of German and Japanese arms and large quantities of outmoded Russian weapons; great quantities of demobilized military aviation can be put at the disposal of the Chinese. Moscow must try to move Mao to continue his military campaigns, advance farther to the south, and systematically prepare for an eventual war against Japan."

From:

"Mao and Stalin"

By David Dallin

THE SIGN: April, 1950

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1. Authors, who must be Catholic, are limited to one manuscript.
2. Stories may be concerned with any theme consonant with Catholic principles.
3. While short-shorts will not be considered, it is recommended that manuscript length not exceed 7,000 words.
4. All manuscripts must be typewritten, double-spaced, and with name and address in upper left-hand corner.
5. Publication rights of prize-winning stories are retained by the authors. The stories may not be sold or published prior to the announcement of the awards on May 17, 1951.
6. All manuscripts must be submitted to Literary Awards Committee, Catholic Press Association, 120 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
7. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 15, 1951.
8. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of adequate size and by sufficient return postage.
9. Prize money will be awarded as follows: first place, \$600; second place, \$300; third place, \$100. The Committee reserves the right to withhold prizes if the judges award none.

(Please note Rule 6. Do not send entries to The Sign)

LETTERS



Suggestions

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your magazine has everything except a column for "teens." How about starting one? You would not only get more young readers but also more educated ones after they read the rest of the magazine. You can discuss general topics such as dating, dancing, etc. I think you should give this matter serious consideration.

A READER

New York, N. Y.

Also, never be ashamed of our Catholic religion. How many of us in a much less busy life and less public eye than Marie Powers are either ashamed or afraid to let people know of our religion?

How many of us have in our own homes a shrine to Our Lady as Marie has in her dressing room at the theater?

I say God bless her and I wish we had more Catholics like her.

ELEANOR NOLL

Somerville, N. J.

Radio & Television

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The past four months have been a hassle—what with the bitter fight being waged in the Radio Writers Guild by members of the group calling ourselves "We the Undersigned," in an effort to remove what we believe to be a predominantly pro-Communist leadership and being beaten badly; and an effort to catch up with work.

This explains my delay in catching up on my reading, and why I now write about the November issue of THE SIGN.

May I suggest that someone tell Dorothy Klock the facts of life?

May I suggest that before she uses a full page of THE SIGN to laud a show, she listen to it—and particularly to the name credits given the writers on it? May I suggest that this would have been particularly valuable for an issue which carried a lead story entitled: "Red Fronts Falling."

DAISY AMOURY

New York, N. Y.

"People"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have read with considerable interest your "People" page of the November issue of THE SIGN. The short history of the Culhane family's work prompted me to write in order to obtain more information on the *Cana Clubs*.

P. A. FOURNIER

Quebec, P.Q., Canada.

Information

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The October issue of THE SIGN carried an article, "Why We Need Chaplains," which interested me, especially since it carried a picture of a chaplain with whom I served at that time. The picture appeared in *Life* and other publications without naming the
(Continued on page 77)

Spiritual Thought

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Please give us more "Spiritual Thoughts" by Father Walter Farrell. We have too much modern writing in the world.

MRS. THOMAS MOHN

Riverside, Conn.

"A Watchful Eye . . ."

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Mr. and Mrs. Enzler's article, "A Watchful Eye On Their Steps" in the December issue of THE SIGN, is, without doubt, the finest I've ever read on this subject. There is just one thing I would add, however. It seems to me that parents who have given their children the proper training have nothing to fear from a mixed marriage. It is the young people without a fundamentally Catholic attitude who fall away from the Faith as a result of mixed marriages.

MRS. J. LORING

Linden, N. J.

"Dynamic Diva"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It brought tears to my eyes and joy to my heart to read your article in the December issue of THE SIGN entitled "Dynamic Diva," concerning Marie Powers, the great dramatic contralto.

From her life we could all very easily take a lesson. Give all credit to God and God alone for any of our successes—as Marie says: "God gave me the voice I have and He can take it away."

The Sign

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FEBRUARY

1951

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No. 7



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Editor's page

Not by Arms Alone

W E CATHOLICS know Communism for the hideous and debased system that it really is. In view of this, it is difficult for us to understand the appeal it exercises over free men of every social class, the strange and fanatical attachment it engenders in disciples in every country and of every intellectual level.

One explanation of the matter is that Western weakness is Communist strength. The Communist looks at us and sees how false we are to our principles. We have betrayed the Christian religion in practice while giving it lip service. Even in this capitalist paradise which is America, for all our prosperity and progress we still have poverty, dependence, a crude and crass materialism, selfish labor and irresponsible business, an unjust distribution of income, racial and national hatreds, and over all and pervading all a gross and pagan worship of the body and its pleasures.

What does it mean to a penniless share-cropper to be told that under the Soviets farms would be collectivized. He might benefit. What does it mean to a Negro in our own South to be told that in elections in Communist countries there is a single ballot. That's better than no ballot at all. A French dock worker who lives like a wharf rat would hardly be impressed by statistics on the low standard of living in Soviet Russia. An Italian tenant farmer, working the estate of an absentee landlord who spends more at a Roman café on a meal for his mistress than the tenant gets in a month for himself and his family, can hardly be condemned for wanting a change—any change at all.

To most Asiatics and Africans the Soviet way of life and standard of living represent an advance. They have never known democracy in the Western sense nor prosperity in any sense. They don't know the Russians very well, but they know the Western nations and they know them too often as slave traders, exploiters, imperialists; they know them as men who took up the white man's burden which was the dark man's wealth.

But the Communists appeal to more than the poor, the miserable, and the downtrodden. They

appeal also to the idealists, to the seekers-after-justice, to the searchers for a Utopia on this earth. To such they present themselves as the heralds of a new gospel which, after a brief period of strife and turmoil, will introduce a golden era of peace and justice.

In her recent book, *Policy for the West*, Barbara Ward describes well this Communist appeal to the highest instincts in man: "Whatever the shams of Communism—and they are immense—they are clothed in the language of poetry and hope. . . . The anger and outrage of the prophets of old, denouncing social injustice and considering 'the evils that are done under the sun,' the promise of the Magnificat, 'He hath . . . exalted them of low degree,' the exquisite and heart-breaking hope of the Apocalypse, 'and there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away'—all these echoes and intimations which lie deepest in men's hearts are evoked by these so-called materialists, by these men who are supposed to think only in terms of economics and from whose lips the appeal of hope and righteous wrath and world-conquering hope is almost never absent."

VICTORY over Communism will not be won on the battlefield alone. We shall have to be inspired with the Christian ideal of life, and we shall have to shape our conduct by that ideal. We shall have to convince the world—more by our actions than by our preachments—of the beauty and grandeur and truth of that ideal, and by contrast of the hollowness and shabbiness of the Communist gospel. That will require a change even more radical and revolutionary than anything that has been concocted in the councils of the Bolshevik paradise.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current



Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Indian Ambassador, Madame Pandit, said UN "frightened" Chinese into the Korean War. Perhaps she believes that the Chinese in Korea now are volunteers.



The new UN building as seen at night from Long Island City. It has been described as a "glimmer of hope." A "glimmer" of hope it remains till Red tactics cease.

On all sides we are hearing dire warnings, grim prophecies, solemn forebodings of defeat. Our army in Korea has been unmercifully mauled, no matter how gallant the defense has undoubtedly been. Counsels of despair and advisements of naked appeasement have been dinned upon our bewildered ears. Now we are told it is up

The Great Debate

to the nation to debate the great issues of foreign policy. No longer is it a question of personalities and their personal views. No longer is it Hoover as against Dulles, Dewey as against Acheson, Kennedy or Taft vs. Truman. Now the issue transcends personalities. We are presently engaged upon the great debate: the debate as to whether we shall continue to try to stem the tide of Soviet aggression on the distant, far-flung periphery of the free world, or whether we shall withdraw from our overcommitments to the hemispheric isolationism of ocean defense and continental security.

The great debate is on, and the issue is vastly oversimplified. Oversimplified, because the issue is not legitimately reduced to a question of isolation or global defense. Oversimplified, because the issue is not whether American ground forces shall patrol the free world, defending it from Communist aggression, or be withdrawn from Korean debacle and European entanglement to the continental limits of United States defense.

The fact of the matter is that the American ground forces can never, and were not meant to, contain the Soviet drive of conquest. Misleading as the Truman Doctrine may have been to all and sundry, at no time was it the intent of this country to carry the burden of ground defense against the Communist hordes. At all times, the active help of our allies in the free world was postulated and depended upon.

Because our allies did not come through in any notable numbers in the Korean fracas, because our European allies have been so reluctant to take upon themselves the burden of rearmament, the reaction in this country has understandably been one of almost petulant withdrawal. Surely if Europe does not want to defend itself we should not be expected to supply the manpower.

And yet, when the whole global situation is analyzed, there cannot be other than astonishment that the Administration, dedicated to international responsibility as it is, has been so remiss in enlisting the armed might of the non-Soviet world in the defense of freedom from Moscow domination. Precisely because it has spurned the help of anti-Soviet armies, it has found itself impaled on the stubborn fact of American incompetence to encircle and defeat the enemy all by itself, with only token help from half-hearted allies.

In the Far East there is the almost unmentioned fact of the hundreds of divisions of Chiang Kai-shek who might be fighting the bloody and losing battles American shoulders are now carrying in that theater. Nor is mention made of the million and more guerrillas who might be fighting our battle



The map shows heavy industry in Manchuria in range of U.S. bombers. MacArthur could have destroyed China's war supplies if orders came through. Just an "if".



The suffering of children is one of the many heart-breaking aspects of war. Above, two Korean children flee in front of the Reds. One still manages a big smile.

on the mainland of China, were we to give them aid, the while the bulk of Communist China's armies are doing their havoc in North Korea and Manchuria.

In Europe we have rendered aid to Marshal Tito because he is reputed to have some thirty-three anti-Russian but by no means anti-Communist divisions, the while no mention is made of the some twenty-five anti-Russian and anti-Communist divisions Generalissimo Franco has in readiness to thwart Kremlin designs.

If the United States were to take an everyday, bookkeeping sort of account of the resources that would be gladly at its beck and call in co-partnership in the crucial fight against Kremlin oppression, perhaps the great debate in the United States today would not be reducible to internationalism as against isolationism. Perhaps it would be reducible to its true denominator: the anti-God world vs. the world which still believes in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all mankind.

Long before German or Japanese rearmament can be effected, the simple fact is this: we can use our tremendous deterrent atomic power to serve notice upon the Soviet Union that further aggression will bring war home to Moscow; we can enlist the anti-Communist armies of the world to check further land aggression, and this includes Franco Spain and Nationalist China (which still, incidentally, is a member of the Security Council, though one would never dream it from the daily papers). And in the meantime we can bolster our own weakness by the free-will determination to make up for our complacency of the recent past by renewed efforts of national self-denial, a self-denial that will fructify in the sinews of national readiness.

The great debate can have only one valid answer and solution: The whole anti-Soviet world must be enlisted in the war to curb and to crush Soviet expansionism. America cannot do it alone.

When Prime Minister Nehru of India last visited this country, THE SIGN pointed out that his official utterances left us with the impression that he was undecided whether to side with the East or the West.

Madame Pandit, Indian Enigma

Since then India has recognized Red China and later urged that the Red Chinese government be given a seat at the

United Nations as a means of attaining peace. These moves led us to believe that India was definitely fixing her gaze exclusively Eastward. And the latest statements of Indian Ambassador to the United States, Madame Vijaya Pandit, seem to confirm these suspicions.

Interviewed on television, Madame Pandit was asked if she thought the Chinese Communist drive below the thirty-eighth parallel was an act of aggression. She countered that the United Nations forces had gone above the thirty-eighth parallel. And lest there be any doubt as to her meaning, she stated: this action by the United Nations frightened the Chinese, "and as the Chinese are newly liberated from their social and economic burdens, they are jealous of their sovereignty."

Madame Pandit seems to have forgotten that the United Nations gave every assurance to the Red China regime that their boundaries would be respected. She also overlooks the fact that up to now our forces have been weakened because General MacArthur has not been allowed to use the American Air Force to bomb Manchurian war industries or even to fly beyond the Yalu River; despite the fact that this hampered our forces and permitted the Reds to pour across the border and drive our armies back from sheer force of numbers.

As if this were not enough to make all televiewers scratch their heads in confusion, Madame Pandit added that she "did

not believe Communist China had any aggressive designs in Asia" and asserted that "war is a greater threat to us than Communism in Asia."

If Red China has no aggressive aims, then perhaps this learned Ambassador can explain why the Chinese Communist armies have marched into Tibet and now threaten Indo-China. Or maybe Madame Pandit does not consider it an aggression, but a liberation? Or maybe Madame was flustered by the television interview?

In the East, "face" is a commodity like rice or a pair of trousers. You can't very well do without it. It is a kind of social credit or capital which entitles a man to respect.

If he doesn't have face, he may as well be dead, or at least a hermit. If he has a lot of it, he may get as much attention as we give to leaders of name

The Western Looking Glass

bands, all-Americans, or Mrs. Roosevelt.

The qualifications which Easterners require for this neighborly accolade may, or may not, be more sensible than those demanded in the West. In Hankow or Yokohama, for instance, a candidate for face would feel less free to make a goose of himself, or a heel, than an aspirant in Beverly Hills or Manhattan. And his Asiatic compatriots would be less inclined to settle the matter by peeking into his pocketbook or squeezing his biceps.

Both in the East and West there is a good dash of silly conventionality in the business of face. But deep down in his heart, everybody, East or West, has a set of standards by which he measures true human quality. These standards are not artificially pegged to the Japanese etiquette of hara-kiri or the tired tastes of the Gotham café circuit. By these standards a man really measures things. And by them he normally acts.

When we are told that we, the United Nations, have lost face in the East because of our performance in Korea, the reference is probably to an accident more serious than a mere collision with Oriental conventionality. We have probably lost face in the deeper sense. We have been expected to be supreme in the material arts of mechanical production and militarism. Possibly that is all that had been expected of us. But in Korea, up to the present, we have flunked the test.

What is much more unfortunate, however, is the fact that we have met social disaster in the West also, and have come out of it without much front to our heads. We have run up against those same subcutaneous standards which, even in our frothy hemisphere, cannot be dazzled by sales talk or press notices. In the eyes of the average citizen, we have little dignity. Our hat has been knocked off. We are dodging over-ripe tomatoes and dead cats.

For instance, the average citizen of the West can discover no place in the U.N. for the Communist governments of Eastern Europe. For the past five years, he has seen the Soviet and its colleague-nations systematically and successfully prevent the U.N. from doing business—right down to Jacob Malik's veto of the U.N. order to Red China to get out of Korea. He has seen the nations squirm under Vishinsky's endless and slashing insults—down to his reference to the Chinese Red Delegation as the legal representatives of the Government of China.

And yet the average observer has seen the U.N. take it and do nothing about it. And he sees no disposition on the part of the U.N. to do anything but continue taking it.

While the nations may choose to ignore the situation, it is the kind of a situation which cannot be ignored. Any more than a batch of boisterous drunks in the Senate gallery could be ignored. Ignoring it only gets a bigger laugh. The disturbers should be thrown out, the typical Westerner be-



General MacArthur greets Chief of Staff, Gen. Collins. MacArthur won one Korean war, is losing a second, but he'll return to win. China Reds please take notice.



Capt. James Holton, Jr., shown with family, just returned from Korea. He is "disgusted" at the apathy of U.S. toward the war. How long will we act like ostriches?



Left, Dr. Tsiang of China with Korean ambassador, Limb. Is Dr. Tsiang trying to explain why UN won't permit Chiang forces to fight? A difficult task.



Charles E. Wilson, above, has been named head of Defense Mobilization. Not long ago we talked of demobilization. Thanks to Stalin we are starting all over again.



An ECA team directs the disposal of food in Yugoslavia. We give with no strings attached in the hope of an ally. A faint hope indeed, as persecution Red style continues.



Stanton Griffis above, is new ambassador to Spain, thus ending a five year boycott. Left-wing propaganda has at last been discredited and normal relations resumed.

lieves, and until they are thrown out, the U.N. can have a paper existence but it can have no "face."

The worst face-damaging episode to date occurred in late November, when the Red China Delegation came to New York to state its case at the invitation of the U.N. The Reds were treated like visiting royalty, even though they are non-members of the U.N. and are actively engaged in an undeclared war against it.

After extending their nervous courtesy to the Reds, the delegates had to sit abjectly for two hours listening to Wu Hsiu-chuan's screaming contempt of his hosts. Wu stated his case all right. But his case was that they were fools and that if they didn't quietly get out of Korea, they would be kicked out.

Apparently, he came all the way from China to do no more than sneer at them from their own stage, bathed in their own spotlights. And you may be sure that their official submissiveness was not interpreted by the average Occidental as a superior brand of guts.

And he won't need a pair of field glasses to notice the shifty procrastination at Lake Success when time is of crucial importance to the operation in Korea. We shall be lucky if he doesn't translate that loitering with a horrible sardonic twist. Lucky if he doesn't suspect us of hoping that, by wasting time, the prickly question of Red China in Korea will be quietly removed from the agenda by the final defeat of our own U.N. troops.

Doubtless there are aspects of U.N. performance which the casual Western observer does not see. As there are certainly aspects of it which the casual Eastern observer does not see. But the catch is that his attitude will be determined by what he does see. And we are afraid we have just described what he does see.

There is very little "face" in it.

There are 150,000,000 people in the United States, including Catholics. Each of those 150,000,000 people reads an average of three secular publications. There are approximately

30,000,000 Catholics in the United States. Only 15,000,000 of them read any Catholic publication. The mathematical aspect of this fact is that one-

Arithmetic For February

half of the Catholic population—15,000,000 Catholics—read nothing but the secular press.

But there are other nonmathematical aspects of it which are quite disturbing.

Fifteen million Catholics know little about Catholic affairs except from secular sources. And reporting from those sources is necessarily inadequate.

We are not suggesting that Catholics shun the secular press. In fact, we would suggest exactly the opposite. The secular press offers a wider coverage of general news than the Catholic press, and Catholics should avail themselves of it to be well informed. We are merely saying that the secular press cannot give sufficient coverage to their affairs to keep Catholics as well informed as good Catholics would want to be.

During the month of February, which is Catholic Press Month, messages like this will be circulated through the whole body of the American Catholic press. But, unfortunately, the messages will be like sermons on Mass-missing. The ones who are reached by the message will be the ones who least need it.

Those who do read the message, however, may feel they should increase the scope of their own Catholic reading.

They might subscribe to an appropriate Catholic publication as a gift to one of the other 15,000,000.

And they can pray for the Apostleship of the Press in America.



American Power Can't Stand Still



Correa-Caldwell photo

A showdown with the Soviet Union is now inevitable. It is in the very nature of American military power that it should come soon

by **GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT**

THE United States is now mobilizing for a showdown with the Soviet Union.

The showdown may come in one of three ways:

(1) War.

(2) Soviet internal changes as a result of external pressures, changes which will eliminate the threat of Soviet aggression.

(3) Soviet surrender to the demands of the free world for reliable guarantees against Soviet aggression.

But the showdown will come, and it will come comparatively soon—certainly within four or five more years.

If it comes in the form of war, it may come by Soviet choice, at a moment se-

lected by the Kremlin as most favorable in terms of relative preparation; or it may come by the impact of successive events, in the current of which both belligerents may be caught up and carried irresistibly toward the maelstrom; or it may come—though we do not like to think so—by our choice, as a result of Soviet refusal to meet the terms of the free world after we are ready to enforce those terms.

If it comes in the form of Soviet internal changes, it may come at any time—perhaps as one of the end-products of a struggle for power if Stalin should die, more likely by reason of stresses set up by the nature of Soviet power-dynamics, which must expand or turn inward upon

itself, and to which we now propose to deny any further expansion at the expense of the remaining free area of the world. But if we are saved from war by such internal changes, it may be some time before we are able to assure ourselves that such changes have in fact taken place and can be relied upon.

If it comes in the form of Soviet surrender, it will not come until after the rearmament of the free world is sufficiently far advanced so that resistance to our demands for safeguards against Soviet aggression will seem to the Kremlin less risky than an appeal to arms.

But the showdown is now inevitable, nor can it be long delayed. By that I mean that it will come within the nor-

mal expectation of life of most persons now living.

This can be confidently asserted, for it is inherent in the very nature of American military power. Once that power has been mobilized, it must either be used for the purpose for which it was created or it will wither away.

The Soviet Union can remain in a position of military readiness for a long time—almost indefinitely. For purposes of comparative calculation, there is no limit to the extent to which the Soviet police state can compel its people to give up butter for guns, nor to the extent to which it can substitute forced labor for capital.

The United States Government is not the master, but the servant of the American people. Our people have shown that they will rise to meet a perceived danger. They will make sacrifices in order to arm against it. But they will not go on living under the restrictions and deprivations of national mobilization, with no promise of relief, no visible pie in the sky. To do that would be to deprive themselves of the benefits of the free American way of life—the defense of which is the only reason for arming in the first place—without any definite assurance that those benefits would be restored to them within a tangible period of time. They will arm, they are now arming; but becoming armed, they will be increasingly likely to use their arms to set a period to the danger which they armed to avert, and thereby rid themselves of the burdens of armament.

INDEED, it is difficult to see how they can do otherwise. Even the massive American economy will not support a long period of full mobilization and at the same time support the standard of living to which generations of Americans have become accustomed and regard as a sacred right. Nor can the national finances indefinitely endure huge annual additions to the public debt.

The fact is that American military power can be created, but it cannot stand still. It can be brought to a peak of readiness for action, but it cannot be kept there if not used. The accumulation of huge masses of highly complicated weapons, which start to become obsolete even in the period from the designer's office to the production line, is a wholly uneconomical and wasteful process—unless there is some idea of a date at which these weapons are to be used. Otherwise, the accumulation of armament beyond the minimum needs of training and progressive experiment

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, military and naval correspondent for the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* and CBS analyst, has published a number of authoritative books and articles on military and international affairs.

is just too expensive in every way—and our people are too intelligent to wreck their economy by assuming insupportable strains, and thus serve Soviet ends.

Yet we are going to arm far beyond those minimum needs. This is a fact already established and accepted. The conclusion to be drawn from that fact is inescapable.

It may help toward realistic thinking if we stop to ask ourselves why we are mobilizing American fighting power right now, why so many billions of dollars have already been appropriated and so many more are going to be appropriated, and why all this sudden upsurge of military expenditure was so readily accepted by the vast majority of our people. To that question most Americans would answer simply: "Korea." But Korea was not the root cause—it was simply the trigger, the catalyst, which gave point and purpose to a far deeper uneasiness, to an anxiety which

In sum, American common sense recoiled from the prospect of sitting idly by while the power-crazed men in the Kremlin methodically built up the power to destroy us, or to confront us with atomic blackmail. Most of us did not quite know what to do about this peril; most of us had been hoping that we wouldn't really have to meet it for several years yet, maybe never, but when it became a grim reality, when we knew that the atomic secret was no longer a secret from our sworn and deadly enemies, we wanted to do whatever was necessary to avert the peril. As the days passed, the strain increased. Then came Korea—the worst mistake, in all probability, that any dictator ever made. Incredible as it would have seemed to one who recalls the procrastinations and the wishful thinking of the Munich era, an act of armed aggression was committed clear over on the other side of the world, in an area in which American



Living Galleries

War requires total mobilization of industry. Americans will not tolerate indefinitely this diversion of our wealth

has its roots in the primeval instinct of self-preservation.

This uneasiness had been stirring in the minds of the American people ever since the announcement, in August, 1949, that an atomic explosion had taken place somewhere in the Soviet Union. It was evidenced in a hundred ways—in the ordinary conversation of people who had given little thought to such matters before, in nervous newspaper headlines, in the tone and direction of public discussion forums, in sharp reaction against the complacent utterances of the then Secretary of Defense, in rising resentment of abusive Soviet propaganda.

strategic and economic interests were not directly involved, on a Sunday morning; and on Tuesday morning the United States attacked the aggressor with armed force—amid the thunderous cheers of the American people.

The reason was not just devotion to principle, though that had something to do with it. The reason was chiefly that the spark of gunfire in Korea touched off the powder-train of our accumulated anxieties arising from the Soviet atomic explosion, gave those anxieties direction and purpose—provided what we had all instinctively been seeking, "something we could do about it." And once started we did—and are doing—more.

We have set on foot a great program of rearmament over a period of years, a program which will inevitably lead to a state of complete national mobilization for war. This, too, is inherent in the nature of American conditions of life.

Setting aside the possibility—even the likelihood—that we shall be confronted with fresh outrages by the Kremlin, or the chance that we shall be drawn into war with Red China, a chance which will probably be determined one way or the other by the time these words are in print, we have already discovered that even the comparatively modest goals of the military program announced in July could not be achieved without the imposition of certain financial and economic controls. The expansion of that program to meet the scale of rearmament which is now being planned will require further controls. And if there is one lesson which we have had thoroughly beaten into our heads during the past

won't just let his land go to waste. If he plants less cotton, he'll plant more tobacco. And then what will happen? Why, next year or the year after, these same earnest gentlemen will be up here on the Hill with their charts and their experts and with arguments equally as cogent as those they now present, asking us to pass a bill to restrict the planting of tobacco so there won't be a tobacco surplus. And what will happen after that? Why, Mr. President, the North Carolina farmer will still be looking for a cash crop, and if he can't plant all his land to cotton or to tobacco, his next best bet is peanuts. Then the gentlemen from the executive departments will be back here seeking a peanut control bill. And so on. Mr. President, this proposed cotton control bill either goes too far—or it does not go nearly far enough."

As Bernard Baruch has already pointed out with his accustomed clear-sighted

of the reaction in American minds to the terrible realization that the Soviet Union is building an atomic stockpile. We do not propose to permit that stockpile to be indefinitely increased, much less to allow time for the men of the Kremlin to come into possession of even more terrible weapons such as the hydrogen bomb.

We didn't think this all out. It is not the product of pure reason. The deep and powerful current of American rearmament has its origin in the very well-springs of our past—when we made the Monroe Doctrine the basis of our foreign policy because we demanded secure frontiers. The search for secure frontiers has indeed been part of the history of every free people. Today there are no secure frontiers for freedom while the enemies of freedom possess atomic weapons. We feel this insecurity. It deprives us of all comfort, all promise for the future. We are determined to bring it to an end, just as our forefathers were determined to bring to an end any possibility of further European expansion in the Western Hemisphere, and for exactly the same reasons—so that we can turn, in security, to the far more important business of living.

We have become convinced that the men in the Kremlin are our enemies. We have become convinced that there is no use in arguing with them or negotiating with them, or of trying to induce them to accept what we regard as the minimum necessities of atomic security. Not, at least, from a position of comparative military weakness. And so America rearms.

IT would be well for the men in the Kremlin to realize that what they are witnessing now is not rearmament ordered by Mr. Truman, but rearmament demanded by the American people, a free and intelligent people who find themselves in an intolerable situation, and in no small peril, and have set out to put an end to both. It would likewise be well for the men in the Kremlin to understand that it is wholly unlikely that the American people will be willing to live indefinitely under government controls of the type they will now proceed to clamp upon themselves, their activities, and their pocketbooks, any more than they are willing to live indefinitely under the mounting threat of being A-bombed without warning out of any morning sky.

The American people will put an end to the controls—after they have used the controls and the product of the controls to put an end to the Soviet threat.

That is the meaning of what we are doing now, and of what we shall go on doing during the months that lie immediately before us.



Leo Choplin—Black Star

War requires the mobilization of the flower of our youth. Americans will act to end the threat that creates this need

seventeen years, it is that one control leads to another.

The homely wisdom of the late Senator Josiah Bailey of North Carolina, discussing on the floor of the Senate the New Deal's cotton control bill, comes vividly to mind: "Mr. President, we are told by these earnest gentlemen from the other end of the Avenue that they are seeking just to control the planting of cotton, and nothing more. They bring figures here to prove to us that we must require the farmer to cut down cotton acreage so there won't be a surplus of cotton. But down in my State of North Carolina, Mr. President, if a farmer has to cut down on his cotton planting, he

wisdom, having taken the first few steps on the road toward mobilization of our economic and manpower resources, we shall find ourselves compelled to go ahead and take all the remaining steps—or else permit the edifice of power which we have begun to erect to collapse unfinished.

But this latter we shall certainly not do until the danger is clearly past. We are not arming because a President or a Secretary of State has persuaded us, arguing down our reluctance with irrefutable logic, that we ought to arm. We are arming because our instinct of self-preservation has aroused us to a sense of danger. We are arming because



For young people in love, there seems so little time. Why delay marriage to an unknown future?



At first the waiting doesn't seem so awfully unbearable—at first

War Marriages Again?

THE "Allotment Annies" are making their appearance again. No matter what the State Department or the U.N. may be thinking about the possibilities of a real war on a world scale, it is clear that a certain sector of our population has interpreted the Korean War as the real thing. What is an "Allotment Annie"? For those connected with divorce-court proceedings, she is the young wife of a draft-aged husband who suddenly finds reconciliation quite easy providing her husband is a good bet for military service. Although she has petitioned for divorce, she now finds she can overlook a great many faults in her spouse if only she has the assurance that he will probably be several thousand miles away in the Army, plus the certainty of getting a government allowance every month and the possibility of being beneficiary of a \$10,000 GI life insurance policy. We would prefer not to be too cynical in this matter, but the sharp increase in the number of hasty reconciliations and postponements leading to dismissal of divorces since the outbreak of the Korean War leads us to suspect that in the minds of some dissatisfied wives draft-age husbands have suddenly become an asset.

Of course, any motive which serves to postpone a divorce may be looked upon as helpful, since it is possible that true reconciliation may be achieved with added time. This is especially true in those cases where one of the partners is using divorce as a threat. Like the young wife who comes in tears to inquire how to stop the divorce proceedings, "I only wanted to scare him!" she tells the counsellor. Or the irate husband with his pride up who rushes down to see his lawyer about a divorce, only to return in a few days to explain apologetically, "I just couldn't face the future without her and the kid!" On the other hand, it is doubtful whether the tensions and separations occasioned by war or the threat of war furnish a likely climate for reuniting estranged spouses.

Although a study of "Allotment Annies" could be very intriguing, their appearance is only one minor index of how war affects family relationships. Of far greater importance is the influx of "war marriages" which usually occurs during periods of war. The term "war marriages" as I use it here is employed to cover those marriages which are contracted during or just prior to the advent of war. This is using the term in

a rather broad sense, since ordinarily social scientists use the term to signify those marriages entered into in the first five or six months of the war. I have used a broader classification because I feel that any study of the effects of war on marriage must include all those marriages which have one or both of the following characteristics. First, the marriage may have been precipitated by the threat or actuality of war. Second, the separation occasioned by military service prevented the establishing of normal family life.

The peculiar instability of war marriages was noted after World War I. We are still vividly aware of the appalling number of divorces which took place immediately after World War II. Although there is no way of knowing how many "war marriages" involving Catholics took place during the last war, I have made a study of 650 broken World War II marriages, with the hope of learning something about the nature of those that failed.

It is possible that future generations will profit very little from the example of these marital tragedies. Certainly, the generation that entered World War II learned little from World War I in this



Two out of three of the war marriages in this study ended in legal separation. Why? Infidelity and desertion



Photos by Ewing Galloway

Of those marriages that did last, a child proved a bond of unity

To some dissatisfied wives, draft-age husbands have suddenly become an asset. "Allotment Annie's" are making their appearance again **by JOHN L. THOMAS, S.J.**

regard. Nor is this difficult to understand. When people go to war, they look neither to the past nor the future. The demands of the present engulf them. For young people in love there seems so little time. Why postpone marriage through fear of future difficulties, when that future may never arrive?

Take the case of Betty and Al. When the war came, Betty was only a year out of high school. Al was two years older. They rather liked each other, but neither had given much thought to marriage. The draft separated them, and while they were apart each developed a highly imaginary picture of the other's character. During one of their meetings they talked about their friends. Bill and Ann were married last week. Joe had married some girl down in Texas. Esther had moved to Kansas to be near her husband in training at Fort Riley, etc. etc. Betty and Al asked themselves why they should be separated. She could live near camp until he went across, and then she could stay with his folks while he was overseas. So, without reflecting that they really didn't know each other very well, that neither was ready to settle down and assume the burdens of family life, they went down

to get their marriage license. The wedding celebration and honeymoon were nice but a little hurried, because Al had to be back in camp by the end of the week. Three months later he was sent overseas. This hasty, confused, yet touching drama was enacted over and over again during the war.

On the other hand, we are encouraged to present these facts on war marriages by the thought that our young people today have grown much more conscious of the obstacles confronting success in marriage. A veritable flood of communications through the press, radio, television, and the screen reminds them that a happy and stable marriage can be hoped for only where their mate is carefully chosen and both partners are willing to make substantial sacrifices to promote family unity.

How did the war marriages turn out? Nobody can give a final answer to that question. I know how 650 from one large city turned out. These were all valid Catholic marriages. Apparently they accepted the Church's teaching that marriage was "for life." We have no reason to believe that on that happy wedding day when the marriage vows were exchanged, they had any thought

but that theirs was to be a joyous life together "until death do us part." Yet several of these marriages did not last three weeks, one out of six broke up within six months, and in 90 per cent of these cases the partners had gone their separate ways within five years.

For instance, there was the case of Jane and Ed. They hadn't known each other too long, but they were in love. Rather than wait until after the war, they married. Of course, they couldn't settle down like real married folks. Camp life and the constant threat of moving hindered that. As for children, well, they both decided to be sensible and put that off until after the war also. When Ed left for overseas, Jane got herself a job. At first their fervent letters flowed regularly, but there really was so little to say. Jane found it hard to write about her new friends and experiences. And Ed, well, Ed was no hand at writing letters about anything! One day, something in one of Ed's letters upset Jane deeply. What if she was dating steady? This was war and everybody understood. Besides, from what she had heard, the soldiers weren't having such a dull time either. That was the beginning of the end. Jane refused to face facts until the war ended. Then her lawyer wrote the letter that sent Ed pale with anger into the chaplain's office.

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How did the war marriages turn out? Nobody can give a final answer to that question. I know how 650 from one large city turned out. These were all valid Catholic marriages. Apparently they accepted the Church's teaching that marriage was "for life." We have no reason to believe that on that happy wedding day when the marriage vows were exchanged, they had any thought

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What had happened? The demands of war had separated this couple before there was time to establish durable mar-

riage relationships. They had too few shared experiences. The common feelings, attitudes, and ideals essential to lasting unity had not had time to form. They were too immature and knew too little of each other to foster mutual understanding and sympathy through the mere medium of letters.

THERE are those who may believe it was always the husband who failed. The cases studied show that, in six out of ten war marriages, it was the wife who found fidelity too burdensome. In many cases, the implications of what had happened were not faced until the war had ended and "Johnny came marching home again." Marching home again to what? Normally, it would be to resume the routine family relationships so rudely shattered by the war. But if Johnny had formed other attachments during the separation? If the waiting bride had not waited? Then the march home continued right on to the divorce court.

This was the story of those who made no attempt to live together again after the war. They represent nearly 70 per cent of the cases studied. The remaining 30 per cent of the cases did try to establish homes after the war. They had nourished real hopes of making a success of their ill-fated marriages. In many cases, however, the reunion was disillusioning for one or both partners. In some instances, the husband was nursing a bad case of "nerves." Like the ex-bomber pilot of whom one of the counsellors remarked: "This poor fellow made sixty trips over Germany and hasn't come to earth yet!" In other cases, the couples found that their unshared experiences had so changed them that they were comparative strangers.

"Johnny" looked less impressive without his uniform and stripped of the aura of the soldier about to do or die for his country. And the starry-eyed young bride? Well, enough to say that she was starry-eyed no longer. Her former hero worship seemed a little naïve in the postwar atmosphere. Perhaps she had been holding a job and was now self-reliant and matured by the experience. Or, as was true in nearly 50 per cent of the cases, she had become a mother, going through the enriching but trying period of young motherhood alone. Naturally, she was looking for co-operation, sympathy, affection, and understanding in her new role and was deeply hurt when her returning husband showed little enthusiasm to assume his obligations as a father.

So far we have been considering only the outcome of these ill-fated marriages. We have discussed some of the patterns which they followed and some of the obvious obstacles which the more en-

during ones had to face. Is it possible that by studying some of the characteristics of the persons involved in these marriages one could predict a high rate of failure? I believe that an analysis of the data gives many indications of unusual risks in war marriages.

In the first place, the mixed-marriage rate for this group was almost once again as high as for the city where they lived. All studies on mixed marriages show that these present unusual risks for happiness and stability. Further, the relatively high rate found among the war marriages indicates that a good number of these were entered into precipitously, with little thought of the difficulties necessarily involved.

Many of these cases showed all the signs of haste and hurry ordinarily associated with war marriages. Over 50 per cent of the couples whose marriage ended in infidelity and desertion had been acquainted for less than one year before marriage. Over one-third of these war marriages had been preceded by no engagement period, and where there had been an engagement period, it had lasted for less than six months in well over half the cases.

On the other hand, the age characteristics of the group being studied showed marked immaturity. More than one out of each five of the brides was eighteen years or younger, and over 50 per cent of them were twenty or younger. The husbands presented an analogous picture. Nearly one out of five was twenty years or younger, and approximately 50 per cent were twenty-two years or younger. It should be remarked that age at marriage has significance only when considered along with nationality, education, occupation, and social class.

Finally, the high percentage of childless couples found in these broken war marriages leads one to suspect that they had not accepted, at least in practice, the Church's teaching on the primary end of marriage. In those cases where the wife was unfaithful and had deserted, 70 per cent of the unions were childless; where the husband was at fault, 63 per cent were childless. It may be significant that among the couples who tried to make a success of their marriage after the war, nearly 50 per cent had one child or more.

It may be well to point out that the high percentage of childless couples to be found in this group of broken war marriages is significant for predicting the future instability of these unions not merely because children are generally a unifying factor in the home. I con-

sider childlessness as a predisposing condition making for great instability in marriage for far more cogent reasons. I maintain that Catholics who are taught that the primary end of marriage is the procreation of children and yet, with malice aforethought, knowingly exclude the possibility of having them, cannot enter wholeheartedly into the marriage contract. It is not merely the absence of children that renders such unions unstable, but rather it is the intention of accepting only part of the responsibilities and obligations that go with the marriage contract. It is, as it were, a partial consent, an attempt to establish a union short of marriage, a selfish withholding of that total surrender which true marital love implies.

To conclude, therefore, war marriages present unusual risks for the following reasons: 1) The impulsive and immature tend to rush into them. This is shown by the high percentage of mixed marriages, the brief period of acquaintance before marriage, the short period of engagement or the lack of any engagement period at all, the relatively early age at marriage for both bride and groom; and finally, the thoughtless entrance into a contract with the desire of obtaining its privileges while making no provisions to fulfill its obligations as evidenced in the high percentage of childless marriages. 2) The very circumstances of war put tremendous strains on the union. There is the inevitable separation preventing the sharing of experiences and mutual growth in marital unity—a factor which is especially deleterious coming as it does so soon after marriage. There is the ever-present threat or suspicion of the third party. And, finally, there is the disillusionment and emotional let-down that always follows periods of tension and high enthusiasm. To the manifold readjustments and adaptations necessarily involved in the return to civilian life are added the many difficulties of establishing a home and adjusting to the intimate, personal demands of life with another.

THE Korean War has brought out the "Allotment Annies." If the war effort continues to absorb troops, will it also bring on a flood of war marriages? There are those who say that one generation will not profit by the mistakes of its predecessors. They point out that America's young people have completely emancipated themselves from the control of their elders. This may be true, but we feel some assurance in the thought that no generation has been made as conscious of the necessity of preparing well for marriage as has the present. May they use this knowledge well. It takes two to make a successful marriage but only one to ruin it.

REV. JOHN L. THOMAS, S.J., has written for many scientific journals. He has done considerable research at the University of Chicago on the subject of broken marriages.

PUBLIC POWER

AND YOU

Harris & Ewing & Acme photos

A rancher in Montana flips a light switch or a manufacturer in Colorado starts a motor, and you pay the bill. That can happen with public power

by JOHN P. CALLAHAN

IMAGINE a small but skillful boxer outpointing his large but floundering opponent. The giant cries "Foul!" every round, but the referee apparently doesn't think so, and the fight goes on.

That's a picture—not too far-fetched—of the contest, now going into its eighteenth "round," between the twenty-billion-dollar private electric industry and the crusading proponents of government in the electric business.

What does it have to do with you? Just this: You are paying the bill and contributing thereby to a root cause of Socialism. For that reason let us see what has happened since 1933, the year government in the electric power business became big business.

Prefatorily, when a government sets up shop in competition with existing enterprises, the red flag—both ideologically and alarmingly—goes up. Back in 1923, Carl D. Thompson, the Socialists' presidential candidate, hopefully began

to write the final chapter for private enterprise. Under his party's program, he declared it would "take over one after the other of the public utilities, mines, railroads, power plants, communications systems. . . ." The 1928 platform was hardly changed. It called for nationalization of our natural resources and a publicly owned giant power system.

In 1933, when the 762-million-dollar Tennessee Valley Authority was created, the Socialist Party hailed the seven-state engineering feat as a long stride in the party's plan for control of the nation. The Democrats were doing the job that the Socialists hoped to finish. In England, it might be noted appropriately here, the power and light industry has been nationalized and is doing very poorly today under government ownership and operation. Rationing and higher rates have replaced an adequate supply and reasonable charges.

Norris Dam, on Clinch River, near Knoxville, Tenn. For flood control and public power

Included in the electric light bills sent to more than forty million customers of the business-managed electric companies is the cost of the tax money that the Government uses to give people in the public power area a substantially lower electric bill. Sounds ridiculous on the face of it, but that is the fact. The private utilities, by their heavy tax payments, are contributing to the expansion of their competitor, the Federal Government, which may some day put them out of business. And your receipted electric bill is evidence of your support, direct or indirect, of public power.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in a rather hair-down attack on the idea of authorities, had this to say recently on the electric rates of the TVA: "Government power is cheap, to those who get it. The price paid is about half the cost to the Government's supporters—that is, the taxpayers. In the CVA (Columbia Valley Authority) proposal now before Congress, the only hope of getting any of the vast potential power revenues of that project back into the U. S. Treasury is when the CVA board can find nothing else on which to spend its income. The

power revenues CVA collects could ultimately reach one-half billion dollars annually. Anything not spent currently is poured into the bunghole of a 'Special Fund' created in the U. S. Treasury. From this 'Fund,' sweetened by appropriations from Congress, CVA draws off at the spigot the funds it wants for building and operating projects, and Congress has nothing to say about it."

Let's stop here briefly for an analysis of the arithmetic of public power. Who paid for TVA? Is it a profitable venture? If it is, does the money go back to the U. S. Treasury? The answers, in that order are: You. No. No.

First off, the money to build the twenty-eight dams that loom along the 650 miles of rivers in the TVA system was borrowed. Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, first chairman of the Valley, told Congress in 1934 that he anticipated amortization of the cost in twenty-five years. Ten years later, his successor, David E. Lilienthal, declared: "Even if the total investment in power, navigation, and flood control—the entire \$700,000,000—were charged against power, revenues would pay the entire cost in less than sixty years." It takes no profound knowledge of numbers to draw a conclusion of confusion from the two statements. At the end of its first decade, the TVA was forty-five years farther away from being paid off than it was when it began. . . .

In all fairness, it should be mentioned that TVA's electric power is supposed to be incidental to several other operations, including navigation and flood control, the latter being part of the original reason for Senator George Norris' introducing the bill calling for the Tennessee Valley Authority. Even in 1945, when the Authority worked round-the-clock supplying power for war industries, it failed by \$4,420,000 to earn the interest which the U. S. Treasury actually paid out on behalf of TVA. If the three-quarter-billion dollars spent during the first twelve years of the agency had been invested at 3 per cent a year, the United States—you, the taxpayer, that is—would have taken in 274 million dollars, instead of paying out 86 million dollars, the loss on TVA through 1945.

At this writing, government agencies have blueprints for using the major rivers of the nation—the Columbia, the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Colorado and many others—to generate forty-five million kilowatts of electricity. That's as much power as was available in the whole United States in 1942. Oscar L.

Chapman, Secretary of the Interior, said recently that the Government is moving ahead at a record rate in setting up facilities for transmission of electric power from government sites.

Skirting organizational detail, the Department of the Interior and the Department of Agriculture have under their direct control agencies that can make or break a community by exercising discriminatory preference clauses on the sale of electricity. This is a frightening power that can be of invaluable use politically. In effect, availability of electricity, under such circumstances, could be dependent on a political appointee's likes or dislikes. He can decide who gets how much electricity at what price. It's a certainty that any one of hundreds



Well-known
TVA boss,
Lilienthal

of Rural Electrification Administration (a division of Agriculture) co-operatives, which are financed by loans from the REA, will get government power before a private utility.

Now you may say: "Hold on there. If a federal power agency showed such rank discrimination, public clamor would arrest it." Would it, though? Take, for example, a private utility company, serving thousands of customers. Its generating capacity is unequal to the demand for electricity. Because it is part of a pool, or a grid system in an area, it turns to the REA generating source to buy electricity. It could be turned down on seemingly justifiable grounds: The federal agency could turn a deaf ear on the ground that its own generating capacity was just enough to meet the demands from the public power customers. Charges of unfair discrimination against private utilities have been made in vain in the Southwest.

That is not a weapon to be entrusted to anyone, least of all a beneficent government that might not frown on beneficiaries who would be willing to express their thanks with votes.

Sure, the private power companies have their faults. It might even be said that they are, or were, their own worst enemies in that they were too short-sighted in not extending electric service to outlying rural areas.

Also, many businessmen are inclined to take advantage of customers through overcharge or poor service. But there are regulatory bodies to correct such shortcomings. On the state level there is the Public Service Commission; on the federal, the Federal Power Commission.

But who is there to stop a government trend wherein each extension of a particular activity—in this case making and selling electricity—gives the Government more and more control?

The points on which the taxpayer is not too well informed on this score include the fact that the power and light industry was born of private initiative about sixty-eight years ago. Only competition and initiative born of it will keep it healthy. Until 1933, when the TVA was begun, the private utilities had no argument with the Federal Government. Less than 7 per cent of the nation's power supply was generated by nonprivate sources, that is, the Federal Government on an almost insignificant scale, and some municipalities. But since then, the percentage has increased to 20. Nearly a fifth of our power supply is generated by tax-free systems. If the trend were to go on—and it may—there would be no competition, with the usual disastrous consequence for the consumer.

To spike the myth of cheaper public power, consider the revenue loss to the Federal Government when a tax-paying power company is killed off by federal competition. And for emphasis on this point, no fewer than forty-five utility companies have been taken over by public agencies, some represented by municipalities, and a substantial portion of the property of twenty other utilities has been expropriated. On the "cheaper" rate issue, and despite a tax differential in favor of the public agencies, the REA co-ops charged an average of 3.52 cents a kilowatt hour for electricity to farmers east of the Rockies in 1948, compared with 3.31 cents charged by the tax-paying power companies.

PUBLIC power agencies pay no federal taxes, although in lieu of them some agencies contribute as much as 2 per cent of their annual revenues to support of government. On the other hand, the private utilities paid taxes of about 803 million dollars, or 19.4 per cent of their annual revenues last year. Eliminate enough of those companies and the burden of paying for a topsy government will fall on other industries who, in turn, will just quit when the tax load outweighs incentive.

JOHN P. CALLAHAN has been employed since 1945 on the staff of the *New York Times*, for which paper he reports on happenings in the field of utilities.

Of no small importance is the contribution of the utilities to the economic well-being of the nation. Between the end of World War II and 1953, they will have put nearly 12 billion dollars to work. This money is being used to extend electric service to more and more people. More important, it accounts for much of the employment in the nation, and it keeps equipment production lines humming.

The term "private power" carries a connotation of smugness. It seems to imply a closely held ownership of the electric utility business to the exclusion of the people. Actually, ownership of these power and light companies is widely distributed. An estimated thirty-one million persons have invested in them.

Public power has made many serious charges against the private companies that might be interpreted as desperation talk. For example, the charge frequently has been made that there is a shortage of electricity. As in previous times of crisis, the opponents of private ownership of utilities, or the proponents of public ownership—usually the same people—are crying for millions of dollars to construct facilities that are "needed to alleviate a power shortage." The TVA, Interior, Agriculture, and other agencies are looking to Congress for the pork-barrel dollar. Except in the Northwest, where, incidentally, the Government is the electric power czar, there is no shortage worthy of the name.

The fact is, this nation has never been so well off as far as electricity



**Private
Utilities
lobbyist, Smith**

supply is concerned. By the end of 1950, with more than forty million customers on the line, there will be generating capacity 15 per cent in excess of the heaviest possible demand. By the end of 1951, there will be a reserve generating capacity of nearly 19 per cent.

What does the future look like? Conjecture is pointless. But we might try to draw a conclusion or two based on the past. Politically, there seems to be

little if any hope for a complete divestment of the Government from the power business. Over a billion dollars has been invested in the TVA alone, now.

Also there does not seem to be much hope for convincing many Congressmen that they are pushing the nation toward Socialism every time they introduce or vote favorably on a bill that would extend public power. It is a fact admitted by some representatives and senators that they might personally be opposed to any such extensions. But, they add, it is politically expedient to vote funds for public power, even though the operation, or proposed project, is hundreds of miles outside of their district or state. Such votes, they explain, are gestures of reciprocity: You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours.

PRIVATE utilities have spent millions of dollars on public relations, customers relations, and general advertising programs, all designed to acquaint the people with what the utilities consider the justice of their fight. In Washington, for example, the National Association of Electric Companies maintains the highest-paid lobbyist in the nation, P. L. Smith. Mr. Smith gets a salary of \$65,000 a year for trying to keep the industry's legislative problems before Congress. He briefs visiting utility officials before they appear at Congressional committee hearings on power appropriations. Betimes he is watching the public power lobbyists, led by Clyde T. Ellis, executive manager of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association. Mr. Ellis, a former Arkansas Congressman, gets nowhere near as much as Mr. Smith. His salary comes to about \$17,500 a year. His job is to further public power, particularly for the 859 electric co-operatives that are dues-paying members of the NRECA.

In retrospect, the private utilities' fight to ward off public power has not been spectacularly successful. About all they have accomplished, it seems, is to dissuade Congress from granting more appropriations than its members might otherwise have approved. But here, again, who is to say that Congress might otherwise have approved? It is difficult, and unnecessary, to try to figure out how much money has been "saved" through such efforts.

Aside from their organized campaigns, the private utilities are spending additional millions of dollars in their local territories, either trying to combat public power drives (Nebraska is the only all-public-power state, but drives are on to match it elsewhere in the northwest territory) or spreading their own brand of persuasion for their cause.

Since World War II, both public and private power have fared well. In-

dustrial and residential America is bursting at the seams. The demand for power is unprecedented, and rural America is about 97 per cent electrified. All of this would suggest to a casual observer that the country is big enough for both public and private power.

A lesson which the private utilities might have learned, according to this observer of the industry for more than



**First TVA
chairman, Morgan**

five years, is this: Public power will continue to grow, unless the voters persuade their representatives in Washington that they are not anxious to continue paying the electric bills of other people. If the advocates of public power continue to have their way, no fewer than nine authorities, modeled on the TVA, would blanket the nation.

But the only way the voters are going to know about the issue is for someone to tell them. That's a job for the whole of industrial America, not only the utilities, but every branch of business. However, before the job can be started, industry has to be united. Anyone who has been watching the industrial activities of the nation could quickly become disheartened on that score; unity is an almost unknown factor in the life of business. As a matter of fact, even within the utilities, there is hardly a semblance of unity. This situation is exemplified in the almost total disregard by the giant utilities in the East of the public power fight that rages in the North, West, and South. Until public power begins to move in on the eastern seaboard, the utilities there will continue to mouth expressions of passive opposition. Perhaps then it will be too late. Russia's present leaders moved swiftly to take over the utilities thirty years ago. With them under their control, the Communists had the power to strangle that country's life just by throwing a switch.

Listen to the Lonesome Drum

They were strangers in a strange land. But a chance meeting brought warmth

and courage to one lonely heart and gave to the other a renewal of hope

by **HUGH B. CAVE**

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY S. HARTMAN

THE left front wheel of the car dropped with a thud that nearly broke Dan Corley's wrists on the wheel. At the same time the motor stalled and the strange stillness of the mountains became heavy and tangible, and from an immeasurable distance came the haunting beat of a Haitian drum.

"We've broken something, I guess," Dan said, getting out.

His wife, Nicki, tense and tired, only turned her head a little to watch him.

On his knees in the dry river bed where the accident had happened, Dan surveyed the car's broken axle and glumly shook his head. He should have known better, he told himself. The road from Jacmel to Port-au-Prince was one of the worst in all Haiti, even when in good condition. Munroe, his foreman at the plantation, had said bluntly, "Don't be a fool, Dan. Take the plane."

But there had been only one vacant seat on the plane—only room enough for Nicki. Dan would have had to say good-bye in Jacmel. With a lifetime of aloneness ahead, even a few extra hours had seemed infinitely precious.

He straightened from his inspection and faced his wife, aware again of the distant drum beat. All about them loomed the torn and tortured peaks of the West Indies' most primitive island. They were miles from the nearest village—miles of an incredibly bad road that wound like a goat track through apparently uninhabited wilderness. But Dan knew that the mountains were not as desolate as they seemed. Hidden footpaths wriggled through them everywhere, leading to the lonely thatch-roofed huts of the peasants who lived like dark ghosts among the hills.

"You'll miss your Stateside plane, I'm afraid," he said humbly. "I'm sorry, Nicki."

She said quietly, "It's all right, Dan. What do we do now?"

"Get someone to go for help." He looked at his watch and frowned. "The

quicker the better, or we'll be spending the night here."

"Here? In the car?"

"Unless you prefer a native hut."

Nicki got out. Her jacket and skirt had been powder blue two hours before—the same outfit she had worn six months ago when, as a bride, she had stepped from the plane at Port-au-Prince and taken her first questioning, half-frightened look at the island which was Dan's home. The suit was not blue now. The choking road dust, seeping into the car through every crack, had turned it dirty white. The dust lay like a mask on her face as well.

On a happier occasion Dan would have laughed at her. He could not joke now. Her mask hid a happiness that meant the end of the world for him—happiness that she was going home, leaving him. "To think things over, Dan," she had said. But she would never return to Haiti.

"I know some people back in the hills a little way," he said. "Would you rather wait here?"

She looked about her, and Dan knew she was feeling the eerie silence. "I'll go with you," she replied.

"Good." He wrote a note in French and Creole on the back of an envelope and thrust it under the windshield wiper in case someone should come along. Few of the mountain people could read, of course, but there was a chance. Then, hoping he could find the trail he had in mind, he led the way down the road.

That was no easy path for a woman. Like the island itself, the track was all up and down, clawing its fantastic way to the top of each wooded ridge, only to reappear like a phantom brown snake in the green depths of the valley beyond. After half an hour's walk, Dan

realized he had misjudged the length of the journey, and stopped to let Nicki rest. I'm cursed with a talent for making mistakes about this island, he thought darkly.

Six months ago he had made his biggest mistake, thinking that a girl from Connecticut, only just out of college, would enjoy life on a remote coffee plantation among strange people who spoke a strange tongue. Nicki had thought of Haiti as a paradise isle, a place of brilliant beaches, paved roads, and tourists. He had been reluctant to tell her the truth, thinking that when she discovered the primitive splendor of the place the rest would not matter. But it had mattered, and now the hour of reckoning was at hand.

"There's the place," he said at last, pointing. "Down there by the creek."

Nicki gazed at the little thatch-roofed house for a long moment before she said, "You mean—your friends are natives?"

"Yes," Dan said quietly. "Leon Celestin and his wife, Yolande. Leon used to work for me." Unsure of himself, he gently touched her arm. "It's only for a little while. Leon will go for help and we'll soon be on our way again." Once more he led her forward.

The last hundred yards, twisting down the mountainside to the Celestins' hut, was the worst stretch of all. Dan had to help his wife over the rougher spots and realized with concern that she was trembling. Tired, he thought. And scared, perhaps. All this is strange to her. Crossing the plank bridge over the creek bed, he saw the two Celestin children coming to meet him. Then he heard a woman weeping.

It was a desolate sound, not loud but infinitely sad. Dan halted. The children stopped, too, and stood waiting for him to make a sign, the little boy naked but for a buttonless rag of shirt that reached his knees, his eight-year-old sister grave as a grandmother in her shapeless cotton

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dress. In Creole Dan spoke to them, then turned, shaking his head.

"Something's wrong, I'm afraid. Wait a minute, will you, Nicki?"

The weeping continued as he went across the swept-earth yard to the house. At the door he paused and spoke the woman's name. The sound ceased, and a voice said hesitantly in Creole, "Come in."

She was not much older than Nicki, the woman who sat there in the cool gloom of the hut. She was even pretty, in the sturdy, formless fashion of the mountain people. Her swollen eyes returned Dan's stare, and after a moment she nodded in recognition.

"What's wrong, Yolande?" Dan asked uneasily. "Where is Leon?"

She was silent.

He put a hand on her shoulder. "Tell me. You know I'm your friend."

It was strange. He knew this woman well. True, he had visited this remote house only once before, but Yolande had come often to the plantation when Leon worked there. Always Dan had been able to talk to her. Now, crouching behind the wall of some secret sorrow, she would not accept the hand of friendship. He had to dig at the wall, question by question, with infinite patience.

WHEN he came out of the house he walked with heavy steps, scarcely noticing that Nicki, in the yard, was amusing the children by drawing pictures in the dirt with a stick.

"Trouble," he said wearily. "Leon isn't here. He—well, he died three days ago."

Nicki drew a quick breath and turned to look toward the house.

"Can you stand waiting here an hour while I go on to the next place?" Dan asked. "I can't take you with me. The path's wicked."

"What happened, Dan? How did he die?"

"She wouldn't tell me. I couldn't make her understand that I want to help."

"I'll wait." Nicki was gazing toward the house again, the children clutching her hands. "I'll be all right."

Reluctantly Dan went down the path, the silence of the hills closing about him. It was a desolate, unnerving silence now. He knew how Yolande Celestin felt—the aching emptiness that numbed her—because he felt the same way. Desperately lonely, he looked back, but the shadows were deepening in the yard and he saw no movement. Heavy-footed, he trudged on.

He loved Nicki; that was what made his impending loss so crushing. Like most men who live alone for years, womanless and self-sufficient, he had given all, without reservation, when he gave



"What's wrong, Yolande?" Dan asked uneasily. "Where's Leon?"

Larceny in the Library

by **DICK J. STEDLER**



THE class assignment, popular pet of hundreds of schoolteachers across the United States, not only provides a paramount problem for students but also harasses the legion of librarians who patiently co-operate with the youngsters in pursuit of higher education.

Admittedly, the class assignment is the leading contributor to the theft and mutilation of books. And librarians unanimously agree that the "lifting and destruction" of books is their No. 1 Nemesis, because students, encouraged to use the libraries in the carrying out of a class assignment, usually abuse that privilege.

Consider the Grosvenor Library in Buffalo, N. Y. It is one of the best reference libraries in the world. Its experience in this matter is typical of the pilfering problem common to libraries all over the U.S.A.

"The way we look at it," reports Paul Rooney, chief of the Reference Department, "we lose a page from a reference work when a table or a sketch is an exact presentation of what is required in some student's homework. If it's just what the student needs and if it's also difficult to copy, well, out it goes."

Rutherford Rogers, head of the Grosvenor Library, wholly concurs with his aide's observation. Both conclude that this lifting of library books and their mutilation by students has become one of those characteristically unfortunate American evils like hazing college freshmen, gossip columnists, and TV commercials.

For some ironic reason, the Bible rates tops among the "quickly" missing books. At the Grosvenor, it's just as certain as death and raised taxes that a Bible placed on an open shelf will disappear within a half hour.

Emily Post's tome is equally popular among the pilfering pupils. Seems students are more anxious to learn the proper thing to do—except refrain from stealing.

Pocketbook editions like almanacs, fact books, and encyclopedias, particularly those that concentrate on sports, also hold added allure for light-fingered culprits.

Though students are responsible for most of the purloined pages in books and magazines, their interest is rather lukewarm in the more expensive department of "borrowed books."

Medical books and treatises on marriage relations, however, are exceptions. That's why Grosvenor authorities keep them back on the dark and dusty reference shelves where they could be spirited away only by a polished pilferer.

Picture books present irresistible bait for cut-ups. Library personnel has to keep a lynx-eye on them, or else some of the photos will wind up in the picture frames of some rogue's gallery.

Light-fingered larceny in libraries has become so serious in many cities that guards are placed at the entrances to spot and examine readers as they depart.

In order to cope with this pilfering problem on the part of students, libraries are budgeted an appropriate sum annually for the replacement of books that are lifted from the shelves, mutilated, borrowed, and never returned.

Those in charge avoid revealing the cost of stolen or mutilated books. And they also deem it unwise to discuss (for publication) the modus operandi of book thieves, chiefly because they fear that most young readers are afflicted by the "light-fingered" urge and would take advantage of such an adventure in "borrowing books."

"The Case of Stolen Books from Libraries" is not quite finished. It remains for educational leaders and the fathers and mothers of today's children to put their heads together on the final chapter, and of course, provide a simple and sound solution that'll develop into a happy ending for all concerned.

From here, it looks like the biggest and most vital class assignment ever!

his heart. No one could take Nicki's place. No one would ever obliterate from his mind the memory of the few happy hours they had salvaged from the larger unhappiness.

He could not follow her to the States. His work was here. But she would take with her all of him that mattered, leaving only the shell. Sensing this, he looked about him as he walked the path

and suddenly hated the mountains, the silence, and the thought of going back alone to his plantation.

Land of zombies, he thought bitterly. Land of the living dead. Perhaps, after all, there was something in the peasant peoples' weird belief that the dead could go on living though the heart was still and the soul gone from the body.

It took him nearly an hour to reach

the house he sought, and, even before its owner set out over the mountain trails to get help, Dan knew that he and Nicki could not walk out to the road until morning. The track would be pitch dark even before he got back to the Celestins'. I'll have her with me one more night, he thought, even if it's only a night of waiting in a peasant hut. And then . . . then . . .

Far off in the hills a drum began to throb, as if in answer to the unfinished thought. The loneliest sound in the world, Dan brooded. All the way back to the Celestins' clearing it beat time to his steps.

Nicki was not in the yard. He called to her and she came from the house, with a warning finger on her lips. "Sh-h, Dan," she whispered. "Yolande's asleep."

"I found the fellow," Dan said helplessly, "but we can't go on until morning, Nicki. I'm sorry." He spoke with an effort, aware that he had failed her again.

"It's all right," Nicki replied. "Did you hear what I said? Yolande is asleep—for the first time in three days. Dan"—her fingers found his hand—"Dan, I was able to help a little. I cleaned the place up and fed the kids and put them to bed. I made her understand she has the children to go on for. I—I told her we'd help."

"She talked to you? You don't speak Creole," Dan said, frowning.

"No, but we understood each other." Still clutching his hand, she drew him away from the house, to the dark fringe of the yard. "Dan—I'm not going away. If I went—if I left you—I'd feel the way she does. I know I would. She made me see."

DAN faced her, the flame in him leaping high again. The flame had never died; he had not dared to let it, for fear he would die with it.

"Nicki. Nicki . . ."

She would not let him finish. "A land isn't roads and mountains," she said. "It's people. You never took me to meet the people until tonight, Dan. You kept me walled up at the plantation, sheltered, protected. I never had a chance—a chance to learn."

He stared at her, and slowly it came to him. You never had a chance to learn, he thought. But tonight, when a weeping woman wouldn't talk to me, she talked to you and you understood. You wanted to help and you helped, and you were happy.

There was nothing he could say. He put his arms around her and let the silence say it for him—the silence and the distant drum.

Through some strange magic, the beat of the drum was not a lonely sound any more. Not lonely at all.

It could be your home



Thomas Cercue—Photos

Circle: Guard of Honor places statue on shrine in home. Above, family and friends recite the rosary.

**Have you heard of the new and intimate
devotion to Our Lady of Fatima? Read how
Our Lady visits the homes of her clients**

The Pilgrim Statue of Our Lady of Fatima has toured the world and was devoutly viewed by millions of the faithful. Elaborate processions were held in the cathedrals and churches, and cardinals, bishops, and prelates presided at the services. Today, a new devotion, a more intimate pilgrimage, has begun. The family-size statue of Our Lady of Fatima (about twelve inches high) is visiting homes.

Though the family visits began in San Francisco, California, the first pilgrim statue in New Jersey was presented to the parishioners of Saint Michael's Monastery parish. A young doctor's wife had heard of the devotion through a relative in West Hempstead, Long Island. She ordered a statue from Portugal and discussed the idea with her pastor, who gave her every encouragement. As a result, Our Lady has visited almost every Catholic home in the area.

The procedure for the visitation of Our Lady is as follows: The statue is carried by a guard of honor into a home. When the pilgrim statue enters the

home, about seven in the evening, it is placed on a table or altar previously prepared with a white cloth and suitable decorations. The Rosary, Litany of Loretto, an act of consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary are recited. These prayers are usually led by the father of the home. The statue remains for forty-eight hours, and children and friends are invited in during the day. On the closing night, neighbors and friends gather with the family, and the Rosary, Litany of the Sacred Heart, and the Consecration of the family to the Sacred Heart are recited. Then the guard of honor carries the little pilgrim statue to the next home.

During the visitation it is suggested that there be a special family celebration. At first this was interpreted to mean a large social affair for the friends and neighbors, but since the poor would be unable to afford such elaborate celebrations, it is restricted to mean a little special something in the family group. Dad's favorite dinner, or the children's special dessert, would be sufficient. As

the doctor's wife says, "We all like to outdo ourselves when we have a special guest visiting the home. Certainly a visit from Our Lady calls for a treat, at least in the family group."

When the visits started last May, the schedule was far from complete, as some did not want visitors; others were afraid that the children might break the statue. Now people are begging to have another and another visit from Our Lady. Though frequent visits are permitted, the statue remains only forty-eight hours at a time. The Pastor, Rev. Stephen Paul Kenny, C.P., asserts that Our Lady's visits have become popular because she never leaves a home without granting a special temporal or spiritual favor. When Our Lady is carried from the home, the family is often moved to tears—they feel that a member of the family is leaving them.

The Pilgrim Statue started the family visits in California in September, 1948. Since then it has been introduced into Baltimore, Md., St. Louis, Mo., and Montreal, Canada.

Austria, home of the waltz, is equally famous
for its world-renowned Vienna Boys' Choir

The boys of Father Josef

by SEYMOUR FREIDIN

VIENNA
"AND next year you may be in the Vienna Boys' Choir."

That's how ambitious parents send their sons off to bed in this capital of Austria, where music is the breath of life.

They don't dream of lush Hollywood contracts for their talented youngsters, or a chance on some radio amateur hour. Instead, they groom the boys all year round for the great public auditions that take place in Vienna each autumn; auditions that for a lucky few will mean membership in one of the world's most famous institutions—the 450-year-old choir that gives the Viennese more entertainment and cultural prestige than even their glamorized waltz music.

Parents stint so that their boys may have singing lessons to prepare them for the exacting audition. Many a poor family has gone into permanent debt to continue the instruction year after year.

What's the attraction? Even a boy who is accepted into the select choir can count only on a brief and unpaid career—from the age of seven to fifteen—and he must conform to a rigorous life that keeps him separated from his family. Then, at fifteen, he leaves the choir.

In five years of occupation duty here, Americans have shaken their heads in constant bewilderment at the sacrifices Austrian parents make to see their sons in the choir. And so few ever attain the charmed objective! Only thirty replacements are taken annually for the "*Wiener Sängerknaben*," as the choir is called.

To Austrian parents, the explanation of their ambition is simple: it's the best education the boys can have, they feel. To them, membership in the choir is like having your boy recognized as the top scholar and best athlete in school.

Besides, they emphasize, the choir is half-way through its fifth century of existence, and its proud tradition acts as a magnet for the crowds of parents who come in larger numbers every year to besiege Augarten Palace, the choir's home.

"We had seven thousand youngsters

try out last autumn; we'll have ten thousand this year," Father Josef Schnitt, the choir's guiding genius, told me.

Today, Father Josef has divided the choir, which totals ninety, into three groups. One remains in Vienna at all times, and the entire city is welcome to hear it on Sundays. The other two groups travel, often running into almost insoluble technical troubles on their world-wide tours.

"In the middle of a tour, a boy's voice may change," Father Josef explained. "There's no control over that. Usually we have a few replacements along. Once, though, in South America, we had five voices change and only three replacements. We just had to cut down on the size of the choir."

The traveling choirs have proved to be one of Austria's best hard currency "exports." A little over a year ago, the boys toured the United States, and they are here again this year, attracting enthusiastic response and thousands of dollars for their homeland.

When Father Josef looks back to his quarter century with the choir, he looks back on the continuation of a tradition almost as old as the discovery of America. Just six years after Columbus landed in the New World, Emperor Maximilian I of Austria founded a choir of twelve boys to sing in his private chapel. Through the centuries, the choir expanded and flourished as a public institution, although subsidized in part by imperial funds. The dissolution of the monarchy at the end of World War I dissolved the choir, too, in the postwar bitterness against everything formerly associated with royalty.

Nothing was done about restoring the choir, although the Viennese began talking about it again nostalgically, until 1923. Then Father Josef entered the picture. He was pastor of a church in the capital, where he had taken a boys choir of twelve, carefully trained their voices, and arranged for them to sing at social and religious functions.

Father Josef's success became house-



hold talk in music-hungry Vienna. The Government promptly granted his request to move an expanded chorus into a part of the Hofburg, the old Imperial Palace, to begin afresh the Vienna Boys' Choir. Despite free quarters, the choir was stymied for lack of funds.

When he didn't have enough money to buy the choir boys black cassocks and surplices or blue sailor suits, both of which are standard dress for the choristers, Father Josef had a windfall. He inherited about \$100,000 from his parents. Without hesitation he invested his entire legacy in more secluded quarters and launched the choir on trips abroad which since 1928 have taken the boys to every major country in the world except Russia, China, and Japan.

Politics again stilled the voices of the choir in 1938, when Hitler forced the shotgun wedding of Austria with Germany. Father Josef was imprisoned by the Gestapo because he refused to permit his beloved choir to be used as a Nazi propaganda instrument.

Right after V-E Day, back in Vienna, Father Josef tacked up homemade posters on shattered buildings and bomb-blackened walls asking applicants to appear at auditions. The Vienna Boys' Choir was again reborn.

Once a lucky lad has been accepted he goes right into the Augarten Palace, in the Soviet sector of Vienna, which



The Vienna Boys' Choir. This Choir is again touring the U.S.A.

once housed such royal guests as Czar Alexander II, of Russia, and Pope Pius VI. Russian troops were billeted in the palace until Father Schnitt convinced the Soviet authorities that the Vienna Boys' Choir should occupy the building.

The clincher on the Austrian's argument was an impromptu recital by the choir for some high and unyielding Soviet officers. The Russians said they knew and appreciated good music. But they couldn't see how this group, steeped in a "reactionary" tradition, could be any good.

Unmindful of the frightful acoustics of busy street traffic, the boys, who had trooped into the palace grounds, tilted back their heads. From their throats rose pure, clear sopranos and altos that only young boys can achieve, and the street was flooded with the golden strains of a Mozart requiem.

The Russians got right out and the choir moved in.

When a boy enters the palace, home life as he knew it before comes to an end. He is permitted to visit his parents week ends, or they may come to see him at the palace on Saturday and Sunday.

Not long ago, one adoring mother concerned about her son's diet, which is excellent and abundant, slipped into his dormitory late at night to feed him home-cooked dishes. The lad, unaccus-

tomed to late snacks, suffered so many bouts of indigestion that his room mates took a hand. They warned the well-meaning mother that they would report her nocturnal visits unless she stopped.

"That way we didn't inform on him and he hasn't been sick since," they told me gleefully.

Occasionally, a homesick boy goes to ingenious lengths to maintain family ties. A youngster recently hid his small brother for three days under his bed while police scoured the city fearing that the boy had been kidnapped.

"Such situations don't last long," Father Josef said with a twinkle. "The boys find out all too soon that in their free time they can have the run of the palace. And the noise they make—it isn't music." He clapped his hands to his ears.

Suggestions that the routine of five hours daily for classroom studies and two hours for voice training five days a week deprives the boys of the pleasures of childhood are completely unfounded. They make friends with each other quickly and combine to make the existence of the staff—sixteen school teachers, eleven choir masters, three tutors, and three nurses—miserable with their pranks.

"We're lucky to escape with one drenching every two weeks," an instructor said with weary patience. "The worst trick we had here lately," another re-

called, "was at a practice session. The organ was playing but there were horrible moans that could be heard above the singing."

"We stopped and searched around the organ. We found eight boys under the pipes who were making the noise. The whole choir was in on the joke. Now, we count noses at every session to make sure all the boys are there."

After a boy has been in the choir a few years and has made a few trips, he often acquires an amusing sophistication and sometimes lofty ambitions.

"One fourteen-year-old came to me the other day," Father Josef said. "He was very serious. He told me: 'I want to continue traveling. Then I will go on a lecture trip. Then I shall write a book. Will you write me an introduction?' I promised him I would when he had the book written."

Father Josef led me down to a small auditorium where the choir boys in sailor suits stood silently.

"I never forget," he remarked, "that Mozart was in the choir for five years."

We entered the auditorium, and the boys lifted their voice in song. It was a Mozart requiem written especially for the Vienna Boys' Choir 180 years ago.

"Who knows?" the priest whispered as we sat down to listen. "Perhaps among these lads there is another Mozart. We hope so. And so does all Vienna."

Radio and TELEVISION

by
DOROTHY KLOCK

Where The People Stand

As you know, this page is usually involved in examining the individual offerings of radio and television transmitters. But once in a while, it seems a good thing to get off a little distance and take a look at the forest instead of the trees. Such a general view, and the evaluation of it in terms of the home viewer and listener, is practically mandatory at a time like this when radio and television, and especially the latter, seem not only to have passed the crossroads but to be headed in a direction which is seriously questionable.

Whither radio? For about twenty-four years, this has been the question. And for five years, since the end of the war, whither television? It would be nice if somebody knew. But nobody seems to.

The industry says it only knows it is giving the public what it wants. And the public doesn't seem to know just what it is that it does want because it has settled back into the comfortable easy chair of taking what it gets—or feeling that nothing can be done about it anyway.

This department does not propose to sit in judgment on the problem, but it does wish to ask a few pertinent questions which clearly indicate the trend.

Why are there so many programs, on both radio and television, which fall into just a few stereotyped, overworked categories?

The murder mystery, the variety show, the family-situation comedy—they pour out of your speaker and flood your screen. Why? There are two basic reasons, one of which is the corollary of the other. Whatever seems to be high in popularity is sure to be imitated. And it's easier to imitate than it is to think up something else new and clever to catch the eye and ear.

To be sure, there are some saving graces among the stereotypes, the ingenuity, especially in the camera work, of *Garroway-At-Large* or the thoroughness of treatment given to *The Big Story*. But for each of these, there are ten programs of the same general type

which pass right through the mind, leaving no impression whatsoever. This does not seem to bother the producers. But it ought to bother the sponsors.

What has happened to the fine music programs?

There is no longer any chance of the industry's evading the answer to this one. Most of the live programs of music by the masters, played by the excellent soloists and orchestras of which our country can well be proud, are no more. Music has been sold down the river—to pay for television.

Granted that live symphonic programs on radio are costly, especially when broadcast in what is classified as "good listening time." But a week full of the suds of pathos on the daytime serials should yield some week-end musical compensation. If considered only from



Edward R. Murrow, narrator on "Hear It Now," new hour-long news program

the point of view of keeping a good balance in each seven-days' programming, the abandonment of *The CBS Symphony*, the shifting of *The NBC Symphony* to a very late, weekday listening hour, and the broadcasting at the too early hour of 1 P.M., E.S.T., on Sunday of the New York Philharmonic, by tape recording made the previous week, do not seem justified.

Honest network men admit that these are all budgetary devices to help television in its struggle to edge away from the red and a little closer to the black. But the real scales are thrown much further out of balance. Musical programs with faithful, devoted listeners go down the drain, and the industry, abandoning this steady but admittedly minority audience, reaches out for it knows not what. Radio was a bonanza. Television is proving balky in filling the same bill. But the ledger-balance must win the day.

What has happened to the fine public service programs?

The CBS Documentary Unit, of which all of radio was proud, is a thing of the past. The United Nations Project, an NBC pride of several Septembers, was not heard from at all this past year. Even the occasional program publicizing the work of the UN, produced by United Nations Radio and broadcast by one of the networks, seems to be nonexistent.

Granted that they all cost money. But we're the people who buy the tooth paste and the cigarettes and the soap and the gasoline that have kept the coffers filled for lo! these many years. Can't we expect a little dividend now and then on our investment?

On occasion, both NBC and CBS have beaten the drum and stirred up a good deal of fanfare about their plans for setting up educational programs in one time-slot, across the board (Monday through Friday, to you.) Both projects fizzled, to the great disheartenment of some network people who worked on them long and lovingly.

The term "educational" is one construed in its widest possible sense by most commercial broadcasters. To them, every news program is "educational." Even the commercial which tells you how to bake the lightest cake in town is "educational"!

Good teaching is a matter of intent. The enrichment of mind and heart via radio or television is not achieved by accidental or coincidental means. Good teaching calls for a purpose and a plan. And good teaching is always entertaining as well as instructive. A man is really moved only by that which is basically important in nature and which is presented to him with effective technique. Whether book, painting, lec-

ture, essay, poem—or radio or television program—if it has these purposeful elements, he will stay with it. And that is a point which broadcasters might remember a little more often.

What has happened to the integrity of radio and television as powerful forces on American life and thought?

Perhaps you will ask—did they ever have integrity? Yes, during the war, radio had integrity. Its role in unifying the American people, in strengthening their resolve, in doing an honest job of reporting and vivifying the war effort cannot be too highly praised. The post-war letdown in the content of programs in general is probably a reflection of the nation's increasingly lethargic frame of mind before it was jolted by the events since June, 1950.

The Federal Communications Commission reminds all licensees that they must operate in the "interest, necessity, and convenience" of the public. That is more than an admonition. It is a trust. It is the same kind of trust which must be discharged in a democracy by a reputable newspaper and by a self-respecting weekly news magazine. And to men of vision and purpose, the trust they hold is a challenge they welcome.

We have come again to a time when men's souls will be tried. It is a time in which we rightly expect those forces which influence our life and thought—our churches, our schools, our newspapers, our films, and our radio and television programs—to rise to present needs and prepare us to face those that may come. It is a time for integrity.

We Think You Will Enjoy . . .

THE PEOPLE ACT (Saturday, NBC, 7:00 to 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

This is a thirteen-week special series within the general *Living—1951* series. The programs tell in dramatic form how citizens of typical American communities acted together to solve some of their economic and social problems. A guest speaker each week shows how these stories apply to our whole nation.

HEAR IT NOW (Friday, CBS, 9:00 to 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

Edited by Edward R. Murrow and Fred Friendly, this is a "document for ear," a weekly summary of news from around the world presented chiefly via tape recordings of the people who made the news. Murrow is the narrator, stringing the events together into a whole with the objective of making *Hear It Now* the *Time* or *Newsweek* of the air. On the air just two weeks at the time this is written, the program is feeling its way into the best routine, and hence will be reviewed at a later date after it has been made more sure of its moorings.

A spiritual thought for the month



Beyond the Light

by WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

IT is the common lot of all men to live their lives in a circle of light proportionately no larger than a campfire's flickering conquest of immeasurable darkness. Completely surrounding the life of every man looms that ominously large area into which he cannot see; life's beginnings and life's end merge with the darkness, and in between there is a little light for the recognition of familiar things.

To some men, the firelight, valiantly holding off the invasion threat of darkness, reveals all there is to see. The eyes of the body and the eyes of the mind are not only a man's one source of light, they are the exhaustive measure of all that is.

To others of us, the small circle of light within which our eyes and our mind can pace secure from darkness reveals the least of all there is to be seen. Beyond that circle of light, for us as for all men, there lies the darkness; but that enormous area beyond our lights is not empty. Darkness is not emptiness, but fullness beyond all our powers of imagination or conception. With a humility that is a demand of common sense, we see that there are things we cannot see, we acknowledge that we cannot know all there is to be known; humbly, gratefully, we face the truth that we are not God. The God of light can tell us of the ineffable things to which we are blind; it is our constant comfort, our hope, our joy that He has done so.

Because we do not often think of total darkness, the skulking shadows that escape the probing of light's patrols are a ready source of terror for the enemies they may hide. A dark alley, a dimly lit street, the quick envelopment of tropical night, or the unfamiliar obstacles within a darkened house have nothing of comfort or joy in them. They are a warning to a prudent man, for they furnish the perfect medium for a coward's blow. In all these cases, darkness has invaded a territory not its own; it has made a foray in some force, but it will be driven back, annihilated with the coming of light. This darkness is a

thing of terror because, for a moment, it has hidden an area that we have seen. In almost every darkness that we know, there is some dilution of light: a pinpoint on shore for a sailor's guidance, the assurance of starlight, night's reflection of a city's substitute for the sun, or the beckoning lights of a distant home. For total darkness, the complete absence of light, we must meet with a blackness that is more than blindness—the almost tangible absence of light to be found, for example, in the depths of the caverns of Kentucky, a blackness that imprisons a man to the point of making the least step both vain and perilous. It is just this kind of darkness that marks out the borders of every man's life.

In this total darkness, the terror is not in what the darkness might hide, but in what might not be there. The climax of horror in such darkness would be complete emptiness of it; man faces terror indeed if in fact the darkness that surrounds his life hides nothing. We face such darkness as we stand beside the dead body of one who has taken our heart with him. To the modern materialist, there is nothing to see beyond what our eyes show us. The funeral procession is a hurried secretion of remains, the grave a hiding place of corruption.

The comfort of our faith is in its darkness and the stupendous things that darkness hides. Our faith is not perfected by clearer insights but by deeper darkness. We know God more perfectly in proportion as we understand that He exceeds all our knowing. But we must first appreciate the reality and the completeness of the darkness before we can begin to appreciate its fullness. It must be driven home to us that we are utterly blind before we can begin to see through the eyes of God. Then we can rejoice in the darkness because its fullness is too much for our eyes, awed by the promise that one day our eyes will be opened. How good it is to be blind before the Infinite and accept the guidance of divinity! How terrible it is to be blind, and to think we see!



Group Captain Geoffrey Cheshire—England's best

From a B-29, Cheshire saw the atom horror, and his world crumbled

A TRAIL IN THE SKY

Somewhere in the clouds, the man Churchill called the greatest bomber pilot on earth found God and an outlook on bombing that all men should ponder

by **ANDREW BOYLE**

SOMEWHERE along a B-29's vapory trail in the sky, seven miles and more above the doomed city of Nagasaki, when the second atom bomb exploded and he watched the huge mushroom of smoke and dust spiraling upward, a man found his road to Damascus. That man was Group Captain Geoffrey Leonard Cheshire, holder of Britain's supreme award for gallantry under fire, pioneer exponent of the Royal Air Force's precision bombing technique in World War II, and yet one of the least known converts in England.

Cheshire, who has been described as "the greatest bomber pilot on earth," was sent as Mr. Winston Churchill's official observer to take note of what the new weapon of destruction could do. At best a moderately good pagan, there in the sky something happened. Leonard Cheshire would be the first person to denounce the simple, sensational sug-

gestion that he was "converted by the atom bomb." The sight of it merely shattered his old, complacent, and settled outlook on life, blasting a way through his established certainties so that grace could reach him in the end.

In the three years Cheshire has been a Catholic, he has avoided all publicity. He hates the spotlight, and he has found peace at last. But there is an urgent reason, a paradoxical reason why he should not be left in peace. It is extremely doubtful if there is any other lay Catholic in English-speaking lands or elsewhere with clearer views, backed by practical experience and technical knowledge, on the moral problem of the atom bomb.

I once told him jokingly, after a conversation with him on this very subject, that he had no right to sit on that

knowledge as though it were a miser's hoard. It should become the common property of Catholics and all Christians who were troubled and uneasy in their minds about the moral implications of the terrible new weapons.

Since that conversation, the drift toward another war has accelerated. Red propaganda for a spurious peace, based on the outlawing of all atomic weapons, has reached fever pitch in Western Europe. There is disturbing evidence that millions of muddled men of good will have been caught off balance by the blaring appeal to their "better instincts" and by the subtle Communist play on the fear and horror aroused by the thought of unrestricted use of such weapons.

That is why the story of Leonard Cheshire and his attitude toward heavy

bombing strategy is of great importance. That is why he now agrees that one man's private peace of mind is relatively a small price to pay for knowledge which may save the peace of mind of his fellow men.

Leonard Cheshire was not exactly a serious young man in his undergraduate days at Oxford. His father is still a recognized authority on a highly specialized branch of English law, and it was natural enough to expect the son to follow in his footsteps. But dusty tomes had no appeal. He loved the exhilaration of speed and indulged it in auto racing and as a pilot in the University's Auxiliary Air Squadron. His adventurous nature was a byword.

The outbreak of war altered all that—and much else. He was only twenty-two. Two years later he was the youngest group captain in the service, with a bar to his Distinguished Service Order, and a Distinguished Flying Cross. If in those grim, uninspiring days before the Allies began to strike back on land, the successes gained were small because of the comparatively weak attacks that the RAF was then able to mount against Germany, the immense courage of Cheshire already brought a flicker of triumph to the hearts of the British people. In the drastically curtailed newspapers, they occasionally read of his daring exploits—like the raid over the Ruhr in the winter of 1940: "Defying the formidable defences," ran the terse Air Ministry account, "he frequently released his bombs below two thousand feet. Over Cologne a shell burst inside his aircraft, blowing out one side and starting a fire. Undeterred, he went on to bomb his target."

In 1943, Cheshire relinquished his rank as a Group Captain so as to be free to take part in a fourth tour of bombing operations. His "tidy-minded" habit of

flying almost suicidally low over targets before releasing his load of bombs had already given him the germ of an idea. He detested the blind, wasteful "blitzing" of cities and built-up areas, just as he saw no sense in savage attacks against specific war objectives which went astray. There was no moral reasoning behind his outlook. It merely struck him as thoroughly bad tactics to set out with a definite target in mind—and to fail. Thus he was one of the first airmen to be selected for the hazardous task of working out a new technique of "master-bombing" which was to revolutionize the accuracy of mass assaults by the RAF.

Roughly speaking, the function of the "master-bomber" in a raid is like that of a flagship during a naval battle. He is in supreme, over-all control of the main attacking force. If necessary, he can call off the assault if in his view civilians are being exposed to unnecessary risks. But his own task is inevitably dangerous. It entails flying down practically to roof-top height to spot the area, and to drop the marker-bombs plumb on the targets before calling in the aircraft high overhead to complete the mission. At Turin, that August, Cheshire pioneered the new precision method of pinpoint bombing, as a preparation for a knockout blow on the German rocket experimental station at Peenemunde. And again the sequel is best told in the restrained language of the communique published afterward: "The Turin attack was completely successful, and (he) repeated his success at Peenemunde. The results achieved by the new technique were so good that it has been employed, with improvements, ever since, whenever the nature of the attack demanded it."

Nevertheless, Leonard Cheshire maintains that the absolute testing-out of the bombing method which he did so

much to evolve took place over Munich at a time when the policy-makers were not at all convinced of its effectiveness. He had been allotted one of the most difficult targets in the Third Reich to prove it could be done. He proved it beyond the shadow of a doubt.

IMAGINARY accounts of the episode are not necessary, for the citation later announcing the award of his Victoria Cross gives all the relevant details concisely and yet vividly: "As he reached the target, flares were being released by our high-flying aircraft. He was illuminated from above and below. All guns within range opened fire on him. Diving to seven hundred feet, he dropped his markers with great precision and began to climb away. So blinding were the searchlights that he almost lost control. He then flew over the city at one thousand feet to assess the accuracy of his work and direct other aircraft. His own was badly hit by shell fragments, but he continued to fly over the target area until he was satisfied that he had done all in his power to insure success. Eventually, when he set course for base, the task of disengaging himself from the defenses proved even more hazardous than the approach. For twelve minutes after leaving the target area he was under withering fire, but he came safely through. . . . What he did in the Munich operation was typical of the careful planning, brilliant execution, and contempt for danger which has established for him a reputation second to none in Bomber Command."

Nonetheless, the really significant part of the Munich operation was not so much Cheshire's own exhibition of cold courage as the results achieved by it. He told me himself that in that one mission the bomber force under his command did twenty times more damage to strategic targets in the city than the combined weight of the RAF and the United States air corps had done up to that point in the war. And remember, the raid was carried out in April, 1944!

When Cheshire was sent to the Far East on a then undisclosed mission, the fact was, he had been sent to see the atom bomb used against the hapless citizens of Nagasaki.

In the Marianas, where the B-29's were based, it was already acknowledged by high-ranking officers that the war was all but finished. Yet, as Cheshire has stressed to me since on several occasions, "it didn't concern us in the slightest that this untried weapon was going to be used. The fact that the last phase of the war could be won without it didn't enter into our calculations. We wanted to use it, we were determined to use it. For we were all infected by an excited curiosity. Here was something that had been de-



Although today serving with the Air Ministry, Cheshire still watches over the hospital he founded for incurables nobody wants

veloped from zero to the present advanced stage. How could we have reacted? My outlook was as amoral as anyone else's. I was eaten up with a morbid desire to see what would happen. The atom bomb promised to open up new horizons, personal as well as strategic." So, on that bright August day in 1945, as he climbed into his B-29 with a distinguished English mathematical scientist, there was no sense of awe in his mind. Only in the sky, hours later, was he gripped by a strange feeling of horror as the foundations of his cosy little world began to totter.

SOME weeks later, back in England, Cheshire was still trying to sort out his thoughts. He had accepted an invitation to address a gathering of scientists at Manchester and to sum up his impressions of the atom bomb, and none who listened is ever likely to forget his word-picture of what happened. His aircraft, he said, was twenty miles away when the bomb was released. Through his thick, dark glasses he had previously looked straight at the tropical sun only to see it as a "vague pin-point of light." Then came a sudden, huge flash that dazzled him. "We turned toward the target and there we saw the ball of fire. I don't suppose that any words can ever describe that activity. It can never be understood except by having seen it. It's been described by the people who saw it as boiling, as turbulent, as seething. It could also be described as something like a large piece of silk that had been compressed and then sharply released—just expanding and unwrapping and unrolling.

"Underneath it—between it and the ground—was the column of smoke. It was like a ping-pong ball on top of the spout of water that you shoot at in a rifle range. And at the very base of the column was a vast apex of black vapor. This spectacle went on for some two or three minutes until eventually the cloud got up to a height of sixty thousand feet. There it stayed, rising no higher. . . . When you got close to it, you could see that it had an unusual kind of luminous quality about it. It was not white, it was rather like sulphur. We knew from what we'd been told that any airplane flying into it would be destroyed. But we didn't need to be told. We could see that. There was something so terrible, so evil about it, that it will stay always in the mind of everyone who saw it."

From describing the bomb, he turned to deal with its effects, and to speculate on the vulnerable position of Britain if

an atom war were ever unleashed against the islands. His conclusion was blunt and uncompromising: "The British people must either disperse or perish." Quite a number of those who heard him speak must have disagreed with him, but he startled the complacency of everyone. "The necessity to end war is a biological necessity. It is no longer necessary to argue the moral, social, political, and economic reasons against war. It is now a choice between survival and extinction."

In their homes all over Britain, an enormous unseen audience of men and women heard that address broadcast by the BBC, as Cheshire spoke—unrehearsed and without a script. He is not an emotional man, and his words came over the air in an unhurried, almost casual conversational tone. They were not the vaporings of a pacifist or a "crackpot" personality, but the considered verdict of a calm, valiant, but now bewildered air expert. It came as no great surprise to those who knew him well when soon afterward Leonard

• Anyone can steer the ship when the sea is calm.

—SYRUS (50 B.C.)

Cheshire resigned his commission and left the RAF.

To the outsider, it appeared that a young man of remarkable talent and even greater promise was voluntarily throwing away his career in pursuit of some impossible ideal. To his friends, in Bomber Command, he was an enigma. Perhaps, they argued, a little rest would do him good.

However, Cheshire's next step only added to their perplexity. He announced that he was launching a project for ex-servicemen and their families which would make them independent of a civilization overshadowed by the threat of atom extinction. He bought in turn two centers, one in the English Midlands, another in Hampshire, to establish his followers in self-contained agricultural communities. He broke down from overwork, however, and had to go to Western Canada to recuperate. In his absence, the community undertaking went to rack and ruin. Among the keen, energetic majority who wished to follow him through thick and thin was an inevitable handful of rogues and vagabonds. Cheshire had refused to turn any applicant away. Enthusiasm and sincerity, real or assumed, were the sole conditions he had laid down for membership.

On his return to England, he was forced to put up the shutters at once. The community accounts showed that he owed over fifty thousand dollars to creditors. The equipment, furniture, and

part of the 150-acre estate in Hampshire were sold to pay off part of the debt.

Then another odd stroke of chance set him off with unrestrained zest on yet another wild-goose chase after virtue. To the front door one morning came a weary, despondent man whose face seemed familiar. It was one of his former colleagues in the abortive community settlement. He was suffering from cancer, and the hospitals would no longer treat him because he was incurable. It took Cheshire no more than a few moments to make up his mind: here was a huge problem that demanded action with compassion and selflessness; there must be numerous men and women, without relatives or friends to care for them, who were similarly left homeless and abandoned to their pain and loneliness. So ran his instinctive reasoning; and the afflicted man was brought in, sheltered, tended, and fed until he died.

Leonard marveled at the unexpected speed with which news of his mercy work spread about the countryside. Patients in advanced stages of deadly ailments descended on him, knowing that somehow room would be found for them. It was not medical skill and attention that drew them; most of them realized that they were beyond the treatment of doctors. What they craved was the atmosphere of a home which they could truly call their own, and the happiness and self-respect that would come with the knowledge that they "belonged" and were not "in the way."

THROUGHOUT this period, Cheshire had been inwardly groping for a clue to the weighty problems that troubled him. A nominal Anglican, he tried as best he knew to discover what Christianity could teach him about his own personal relationship with a world gone adrift. He knew vaguely that so-called Christian principles provided a final answer to many questions, but none of the Anglican ministers he met could give much reassurance. In general, they told him that no hard and fast rules or definitions could ever be applied with certainty; that it was entirely up to him to apply the principles as he understood them and work out his own salvation in the light of that understanding.

He was not satisfied. He knew his own shortcomings too well for that, particularly his extraordinary inability to say "no" to any impulse or inspiration which could be reconciled with an attainable ideal. His innate zeal, enterprise, and vigor in due course enabled him to circumvent seemingly insuperable obstacles. Thus he had embarked on the community settlement scheme until its failure convinced him that he had erred in judgment. In the same impulsive

(Continued on page 72)

ANDREW BOYLE is a well-known feature writer for the "Catholic Herald" of London. As a script writer for the B.B.C., his name is also familiar to English radio listeners.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

A Christian Christmas

THIS PAST CHRISTMAS the treatment of the holiday was increasingly difficult for a Christian to watch. The lovely feastday of the Child is turning into a holiday and nothing more. Never were the stores quite so eager to have the flies walk into their parlors; never were the hues and tints and materials so rich and alluring. Children's toys reached the absurdity of dolls that nibble your fingers, that require fresh diapers after being given a drink of water through a straw, that even, one hears, have a heartbeat. This year realism and splendor vied to see which could bring more sales. And this at a time when a piece of ordinary beef is beyond the reach of many families and bread and milk are being priced like luxuries.

For years we have been warned to do our Christmas shopping early; once this was suggested as a means of sparing tired clerks, but I never see that reason today. Suddenly it came to me that no one has thought of telling us to do our Christmas praying early or to save our prayers, day by day, to be able to give Him a wonderful gift for His birthday. We have all seen the constant iteration in the papers of "Give it to him," in the case of an electric shaver or a tie; or "Give it to her," in the case of a filmy negligée or a bottle of *Tout L'Amour*. But we might give a change of meaning to the same phrase and use "Give it to Him" for spiritual advertising. Give Him your prayers, your work, your heart. Or let us say, "Give it to her," this time meaning Our Lady. Give her our love, our laughter, our hope, our efforts.

February and March are not a bit too early to shop for Our Lord's next birthday or to make ready a gift for Our Lady on one of her feastdays.

I started to write "to commemorate His feast"; then that phrase seemed not the words to use so generally. So many do not commemorate the feast who yet keep the day; so many are disinterested in its meaning; so many do not believe in it at all. There was true irony in the fuss made recently at White Plains, when the superintendent of the public schools, yielding to the complaints of several rabbis, ordered that there be no mention of the Nativity in any public-school pageant at Christmas. The result of this stupidity was a rush of fifteen hundred irate citizens who came en masse to insist on having the Nativity put back. But the deeper question is—why have any pageant at all if there is no mention of the Nativity? Why have the pageant when the plot is taken out altogether?

Men's and Women's Letters

OF LATE I HAVE, in reading letters in the newspapers, been struck by the difference in those of men and women. Men are involved mostly in the larger schemes, the material ends to be gained, plans for gaining objectives: don't drop the bomb, drop the bomb; Acheson is great, Acheson is all wrong; and there are copious reasons for every argument. High sounding statements come from isolationists which when analyzed are usually selfish.

The women's letters are usually a great relief from the Churchillian phrases of the men, the high-sounding Hoover demands to arm from shore to shore and then sit back and

let live and let others die, the flowery diplomatic efforts. It is refreshing to read the troubled, anxious letters from women, as one in the *New York Herald Tribune* from one who calls herself a "typical small-town housewife" and who asks: "Can't you help push the United Nations into staying in sessions over week ends? How will the boys in Korea like it if they hear that our President takes time to go to football games, Can't they all get a move on? Every moment is precious."

Maybe a few hundred like her would get somewhere if they were in legislatures, women who know the housework must be done if life is to go smoothly. Perhaps the men who run the world and are trying to run it the right way work at the thing too hard in large ways and ignore the small ones which women see, for they are used to the small ways of the home. But even they seem to be admitting the bungling and fumbling has gone on too long, and perhaps our only recourse now is to kill before we are killed. And to me the thought keeps recurring: when it is all over and even if we win, will we have disposed of one grain of the hatred there was in the world before we started?

And at last, like others before me and much wiser, I see that, though we must arm since it is too late not to, there is only one way to bring the sanity of peace and to keep it through the world and that is by the way of prayer—intense, overwhelming, continuous prayers.

"Give it to her"—to Our Lady, who has warned us over and over about what is now happening, usually through the lips of innocent children, for through them the message can go clearly, as it might not if she gave it to leaders who would interpret it before they gave it to the world.

"Give it to Him." Only love for what He represents will put an end to the need for more armies and more hate. We have tried almost everything else, and so far there has been only temporary relief, if any, from our efforts. But such methods have only men behind them; this other has Our Lord and Our Lady behind it.

His Birthday

Recently, I saw a poster in a convent school, a picture of a Christmas tree with gay packages under it; the caption said, "Remember it is His birthday." That is what we have all but forgotten, even to some degree those of us who follow Him. And it is what I wish all of us would do when another Christmas draws near. I should like to see this poster in the form of cards and stickers printed in numbers and sent everywhere—perhaps even stickers on letters, for I am sure Saint Anthony would be happy to yield place for this.

"I think," wrote a young soldier in Korea to his father, "if everybody felt like Christmas every day instead of just in December, there wouldn't be any war or hate, and no groups thinking about killing the Chinese or the Chinese thinking about killing us." Everything was so different where he was than it was at home, he wrote—"all but the one thing that isn't different, and that is the praying."

So shop early. Begin now. And when His birthday comes again, give Him these gifts of your prayers, your sacrifices, your love. If enough of us do it the world will be won to His kind of peace.

You may use luggage lockers for traveling bags. But they have been made to serve as bobcat cages and convenient caches for unwanted cadavers

by JOHN COOLWATER

Continental catch-all

IF YOU'VE ever had to wait between trains (or planes or busses), you've probably done your bit for the public locker business which, somebody has figured out, collects a dime every time the clock ticks.

Sounds profitable, doesn't it? Well, public lockers are a funny business—for everybody but the guys who get all that dough. With people dropping fifty million dimes a year in the slot, the boys in charge get headaches. It's not the job of lugging that many dimes to the bank. That job, if done all at once, would take a fleet of a dozen ten-ton trucks. You can get ten-ton trucks.

It's not burglars, either, because public lockers are: (1) burglarproof (2) insured (3) and extremely public. No, the headaches come from travelers who use the lockers—from people like you and me.

The American Locker Company has scattered some two million of these familiar gray—or bronze—painted steel units across forty-eight states since it standardized the industry in 1927, but



Small-fry like to jump out of compartments and frighten cardiacs

people still store stuff in a Washington, D. C., locker, then pound the counter in New York because their property hasn't been forwarded. Attendants wearily explain they're not running an express agency.

Once a lady called the cops because her moth-balled fur coat, which she'd stored in a locker for the summer, wasn't there when she came back to see how it was doing. Now at the end of the twenty-four hours you get for your dime, the locker people empty the overtime box, seal it for three days, then change the lock before restoring it to service. This involves them in two hundred fifty thousand lock changes each year, but it also keeps you from maybe wandering back with your key a few weeks later to disturb things stored by a subsequent user of the same locker. There is a fifty-cent fine for storage of delinquent property, too, and the fur-coat

lady threatened to sue when they told her. The cops talked her out of it.

Actually, only about fourteen out of every one million users ever threaten to get tough. The embarrassing part is that most of these squawkers are people who put things in a locker, *then lock the one next to it*, leaving valuables in an unlocked locker! One American Locker executive used to spend his free time spotting this error around big-city railroad depots. He'd bet the customer a ten-spot he'd done such a silly thing, only to refuse the red-faced loser's money in the interests of good will. During World War II he saw one thousand people lock the wrong lockers and never once had to pay off on his little bet.

Other mistakes which customers make look a little suspicious. A fellow claimed his flea circus had died in a locker. When the attendant went to look, he

found, to his regret, that the fleas were still alive. A flood of marbles burst from one overtime locker and kept everybody busy for an hour recapturing them. Next day a sour little man claimed 'em, counted 'em, then snarled that 503 of the original five thousand were missing.

Loud scratching in an Atlanta locker led to the release of a bobcat that roamed the streets till a cop shot it. That was perhaps the outstanding incident of a practical joke epidemic that hit public lockers in the Georgia capital for about a month in 1945. High school kids, later nabbed, reprimanded, and released in parental custody, had been shoving mice, stuffed owls, live pigeons, baby pigs, bullfrogs, and cakes of ice into lockers all over town, but the bobcat was the only truly dangerous item.

Somebody in St. Louis once jammed a locker full of pillow feathers. The attendant quit on the spot when they blooped out in his face.

A DELINQUENT locker in the New York area years ago yielded a box of human bones. The cops grinned and the furor died, though, when a medical student, well hung over, showed up at the claim counter next day and redeemed his firsthand anatomical specimens for the usual half-buck.

But locker legend is crowned by an old lady who made up for all the torment locker attendants have had to endure. Having stored her drowsy cat in a locker for an hour, she hunted up the claim desk, thanked the astonished clerk by handing him a bag of peppermints, and later left him both the cat and a nice sum of money in her will.

From its start forty years ago, the public locker business proved a boon to minor industrialists. Balloon men and pretzel vendors early stored their wares there in reserve for hawking at parades and ball games. During prohibition, bootleggers used to plant a bottle of popskull in a remote locker, then sell the key to your Uncle Pete. A locker where a murdered policy racketeer had stored his cash ran overtime once and flooded a jumpy attendant with greenbacks. A California lady used to store a cloth coat in a locker each morning, pull out a mink and walk off in it, only to replace the mink at night, pay another dime, and depart in the cloth. Model? Movie extra? Nobody ever figured her out.

Probably the cleverest trick pulled by these "locker lice," as attendants call permanent residents, was when a young insurance agent kept his files in one locker, used the telephone number of a near-by pay booth on his letterhead, and eventually expanding to four lockers, never paid more than forty cents a day office rent for years.

Annual income from lockers is over \$1,500,000, split fifty-fifty with owners of space the lockers occupy. But American, which tries to oblige with super-lockers at a quarter each, special golfbag lockers, and airplane luggage lockers in strategic spots, has yet to lick one problem that definitely affects revenue. That's human habit.

Put lockers on both sides of a doorway, those on the right do 20 per cent more business because most people are right-handed. In a solid locker-bank, those on the left do better business

because we usually read from left to right and so tend to look first on the left for an empty.

During the war the locker people turned over to quartermasters enough forgotten military gear to equip a regiment. Now they get stale lunches, half-eaten fruit, umbrellas and rubbers after a rain, and a flood of straw hats when summer ends. Shoeshine boys who've left their boxes overtime are the only ones who get away without paying a fine. They shine attendants' shoes instead.

The public locker business got under way in 1909, and when The American Locker Company took over the state franchises of seventeen competing companies in 1927, it was an industry close to bankruptcy. The public was confused by so many different locks and systems and had begun to prefer the old check rooms again. American standardized in the nick of time and put the whole thing on a national basis. It switched the original olive drab paint to an appealing bronze or gray and saw business increase by 50 per cent overnight.

In the years since then, aided quite a bit by World War II traffic, income has zoomed 600 per cent with the addition of only 30 per cent more lockers! Small wonder Dun & Bradstreet rates the Estimated Financial Strength of American next to highest: *A plus A-1*.

BUT it is in the daily operation of its service to the public that the locker story lies, especially in the attendants themselves. To these patient gentlemen, a recent development only slightly less annoying than the perennial "locker lice" is a game kids in Cleveland invented that is now spreading to other cities. They hide in empty lockers and pop forth to "Boo!" the wits out of unsuspecting customers or maybe get the locker company into a lawsuit with some poor cardiac case. It's a game that's not safe even for the kids themselves.

All lockers are left open when not in use, of course, and the only way you can get to twist that key and pull it out is by inserting your dime to rent the locker. One kid playing this Cleveland game hid better than he intended, though, and had to be cut free with an acetylene torch. Waiting for somebody to pop out at, he had fallen asleep. The somebody came along, failed to see the kid back in the shadows of the locker, and accidentally locked him in.

Toward this latest headache, the locker attendants themselves have adopted a philosophical attitude. The way they figure it, the kids hiding in lockers today are the same ones who, when they're a few years older, will store their books in public lockers to play hockey from high school.



250,000 locks must be changed every year because of overtime locker parking and possible key duplication



TP People

• Dr. Mary P. Holleran, above, is one of the few women who have achieved the status of a recognized authority on Latin American relations. Her recent book, *The Church and State in Guatemala*, was received by the critics as a work of outstanding value and has definitely established her authority on this important but oft-neglected subject.

Educated at the College of Mount St. Vincent and Columbia University, Dr. Holleran has traveled extensively in South and Central America in the course of her special studies. She lived among the people to observe their way of life and social thinking, and visited the smallest and obscurest hamlets. Besides her teaching, (she is Associate Professor of Political Science and History at St. Joseph's College in Hartford, Connecticut), Dr. Holleran lectures regularly. Her characteristic feminine ability to interpret problems of actual living has made her very popular in this field. However, perhaps her greatest contribution to the Faith in these troubled times is her profound studies on the proper relations between the State and the Church.

• Edward J. Madden, below, retired from business only to enter upon a still larger enterprise. He now operates a large chain of banks. His banks, however, deal only in blood. Mr. Madden started the blood bank with his own funds, after the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, when blood was sorely needed on the battlefields.

It took a great deal of study to start the blood bank and when he was ready to operate, Mr. Madden wrote a letter to Bishop Thomas E. Molloy of Brooklyn outlining his intentions. Soon he was put in touch with the trustees of Mary Immaculate Hospital in Jamaica where he was given the use of the hospital's small chapel.

What began as a wartime effort with a staff of four persons has now grown to a fulltime operation with a staff of fifty-

four to handle the servicing of twenty-seven hospitals in Kings, Queens, and Nassau counties. To keep the bank's currency of blood flowing, Mr. Madden works between twelve and fifteen hours a day. One hour you will find him at the intercounty headquarters going over the details of a new building under construction; at another hour he is riding in the bloodmobile, heading for a mass blood donation at a business or fraternal organization.

Besides these daily chores, Mr. Madden lectures regularly on the work of the blood bank, has frequent interviews with the press and on the radio, and recently suggested that all car operators have their blood type on their license in case of emergency.

Mr. Madden is a native of Chelsea, Mass., but lives in Malba, Long Island.



Mr. Madden (right) with Dr. John Sconnell, Director of Inter-County Blood Banks

The Church Wants Slaves

Anyway, a lot of modern Quixotes
think so, and cut quite a figure fighting her

by **JOHN S. KENNEDY**

MORE than a century ago there appeared in one of the anti-Catholic periodicals which infested America like fleas, a heart-stopping picture. It showed a great arc over the Atlantic, not a rainbow presaging fair weather but an airlift of vultures presaging foul weather indeed. For each bore on its back a plump papist prelate armed with scourges and chains. Once they deplaned, these villainously grinning Vatican agents would beat the American people into submission, then fetter them forever. Darkness was about to descend on America.

Bigotry is singularly poor in its supply of themes, but singularly tenacious in reasserting its canards, and singularly resourceful, too, in devising variations. A hundred years after the publication of that terrifying drawing, we find its burden reiterated almost daily in a hundred different ways: the Catholic Church is out to subjugate America and seal the American mind in a musty, rat-ridden dungeon. Let us consider some current instances of this propaganda, then pass on to an all-too-genuine threat to American liberty which the parroting of ancient libels tends to screen from view.

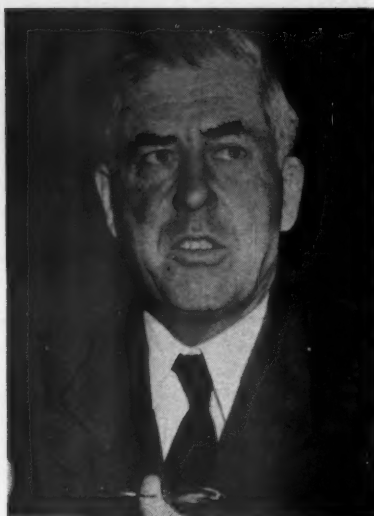
Today the Catholic Church is commonly accused of exercising a censorship over Americans of all creeds. According to this charge, the Church tries, in large measure successfully, to determine what Americans will hear from the platform, see in films, read in the press, or find in books or on the stage. The allegation is renewed daily, with vehemence but without evidence.

1. *The platform.* Here is a typical

example. Last year Dr. W. Russell Bowie, dean of students at Union Theological Seminary, wrote for *The American Mercury* an article entitled "Protestant Concern over Catholicism." He said, "It will long be remembered that in February, 1949, the protests of six Roman Catholic priests of Danbury, Connecticut, proved sufficient to intimidate the local Lions Club into withdrawing an invitation to Mr. Henry A. Wallace to speak—not in any public place or any public meeting, but in their own club gathering."

The facts are these. The Lions are a patriotic service club, numbering Catholics among its members, supposedly representative of the whole community, and organized to promote fellowship and co-operation. Just three months before February, 1949, there had been a national election at a time of crisis (still with us, and indeed now worse than ever) when the very existence of the United States was in mortal peril, with the Soviets aiming at the destruction of our very being, not to mention our independence, as a nation. In that election, Mr. Wallace had been the candidate of a Communist-controlled party and had gone up and down the land bleating the Soviet line. Whatever his intention, he was in effect a Judas goat whom the Soviets hoped the American people would follow to the slaughterhouse. Furthermore, Mr. Wallace was ever less veiledly voicing vilification of the Catholic Church.

It was legitimate, and indeed commendable, to take exception to the Lions' serving as a sounding board for a retailer of the Soviet line. It was



Henry Wallace. In Danbury, a victim of the Pope?

equally proper to demur at the Lions' sponsoring a speaker who had publicly been making remarks of a nastily anti-Catholic coloration. No service club would think of scheduling a talk by Gerald L. K. Smith, for example, because it would be discredited and probably demolished by indignant protests maintaining that Smith was aligned with totalitarian and anti-Semitic forces.

2. *The films.* In a diatribe belaboring the Church for following "a Communistic pattern of pressure that might become a real threat to American democracy should its power be allowed to grow," Donald Harrington, the publicity-wise young minister of the Community Church in New York City who could give Milton Berle lessons in hogging the spotlight, said on April 3, 1949, that the Catholic Legion of Decency is "a kind of censorship that borders on dictatorship." This is a cacophonous refrain which, unlike wine, does not improve with age. It implies, though it cannot demonstrate, that the Church absolutely controls the movie business.

The fact is that the Legion of Decency represents no more than a voluntary resolve by Catholics not to attend morally objectionable films and not to frequent theaters habitually showing these. It came into existence in response to a flood of filthy motion pictures. Its effectiveness stems from, and totally depends on, its members' conviction that salacious, suggestive, or philosophically specious films are to be avoided, as tainted meat is to be avoided, and that the purveyors of such will not be patronized by them as purveyors of substandard food are not patronized by the sensible.



Harold Laski, imported talent for the crusade



Dr. Jerome Nathanson. He fights to defend secularism



Dr. John L. Childs would regiment Catholic students

It is soundly American not to buy what is shoddy or poisonous, and that is what members of the Legion of Decency have determined to do. It is also soundly American for people to band together to resist evil and exploitation—as witness the labor unions, and that too is what members of the Legion of Decency have done. The movie-makers, concerned about their profits, take note of the Legion's existence. To explode the argument that the Legion prevents the making and exhibition of thoroughly adult and artistic films, one has only to refer to the fact and the success of such all-round excellent productions as *Henry V*, *The Informer*, *That Winslow Boy*, *The Men*, *So Long at the Fair*, *Trio*, etc.

3. *The press.* The most-publicized instance of alleged Catholic interference with, and attempted suppression of, the freedom of the press is surely the clamorous case of *The Nation*. This weekly review was, in 1947, removed from the libraries of New York City's public schools and has not since been allowed in them, the reason being the magazine's publication of blatantly anti-Catholic articles as a policy. A clamor was immediately raised to the effect that the Catholic hierarchy (which has become quite as sulphurous a cussword as "medieval" or "nunnery") was throttling the American press. For example, Archibald MacLeish, heading an *ad hoc* committee for *The Nation*, asserted that "to give the churches of the country, or any of the members who might seek to exercise it, the power to determine by simple veto what shall not be available to students in the public schools . . . is to do by negative action what the

Constitution and the Courts forbid by positive action." Mr. MacLeish wrote in general terms, but manifestly his target was the Catholic Church. His statement put rather sedately what was being brassily trumpeted, with many a rabble-rousing hot lick, by others not so literate as Mr. MacLeish.

But here are the facts. First, the articles in question were grossly misrepresentative and derisive of Catholicism, the religion of a high proportion of the school children. Secondly, their availability at public expense, in tax-supported schools, was calculated to inculcate scorn and hatred of Catholicism in non-Catholic children, thus creating dissension and making the public schools an agency for denigration of Catholicism and division among their pupils and in the community. Thirdly, the ban was put into effect by a Lutheran superintendent of schools who unequivocally stated that the action "was not taken at the request of anyone representing or pretending to represent the Catholic hierarchy. . . . If any other religious beliefs had been attacked the action of the Board would have been the same. . . ."

4. *Plays and books.* A horrifying picture of the Church's sinister efforts to control stage production and book publication is painted by Paul Blanshard in *American Freedom and Catholic Power*; at least it would horrify a neurotic nitwit. The attempt at a sectarian stranglehold on the stage is irrefutably proved by the fact that the Catholic Theater Movement "rated Harvey objectionable in part." Why? "Because the drama's six-foot rabbit seemed by impli-

cation a little too flip for a Catholic angel." The lynx-eyed Blanshard is probably the only theatergoer, out of the tens of thousands who saw this play, to catch the implication of an angelic nature in the illusory rabbit. Before such astuteness one is a little diffident about remarking that the Catholic Theater Movement may just possibly have had reservations about *Harvey* because the comedy suggested that alcoholism, a constantly greater and graver problem in this country, is the state of perfect happiness.

An equally cogent case is made for Catholic suffocative designs on the book field by citing the fact that the New York Knights of Columbus made representations to the Macmillan Company concerning a sentence in H. R. Trevor-Roper's *The Last Days of Hitler*. The sentence under fire by these insolent tools of the clergy was a statement that the "Jesuits created a system of education aimed at preventing knowledge." Mr. Blanshard seems blandly to assume that the sentence is patently and indisputably factual.

He is by no means alone in that view. One of the mainstays of the incessant attack on the Church in the United States is the allegation that Catholics, seeking to enslave others, are themselves already enslaved spiritually, morally, and intellectually. Enough crocodile tears to make a river dwarfing the Mississippi are annually shed by those

REV. JOHN S. KENNEDY, well-known writer and lecturer, is Associate Editor of the *Catholic Transcript*, Hartford, and an outstanding literary critic.

who pity Catholics for their groveling thralldom of mind and soul. The not so lachrymose Dr. James Luther Adams, professor of religious ethics at Meadville Theological School in Chicago, some time ago told a Boston audience that "the individual Catholic, whether lay or clerical, does in the guise of humility and reverence support a Church and a hierarchy that make precisely this blasphemous claim, this claim—in effect—to be God." Although the lurid language of this obviously ideally qualified expert in religious ethics would not be used by other critics of Catholicism not so well versed in moral niceties, the latter would subscribe to the substance of his sentiments.

Thus, in *Country of the Blind*, George S. Counts and Nucia Lodge, both of Teachers College at Columbia, examine at length the Soviet system of "mind-control" and show how the Kremlin decides the content and form of novels, plays, music, painting, all the sciences, history, philosophy, etc. Again and again, in the four hundred pages of their indictment, they suggest a close parallel between the Soviet shackling and perversion of the intellect and what they conceive to be the Catholic practice. "Everyone knows how the Christian Church down through the centuries feared and opposed the development of science," they casually remark, and proceed to link like Siamese twins *Sovietskaia Pedagogika's* statement that "every science is a Party science" with the observation that "under the domination of the Church theology was called 'the queen of the sciences'." Christian theology, then, and Stalinist sophistry are bracketed as equally objective and valid.

Harold Laski commanded a prestige comparable to Bertrand Russell's, and his bias and tactics were quite the same. "I add with both hesitation and regret," he said three years ago, "my feeling that a good deal of what is most reactionary in the political and social life of America today is directly traceable to the influence of a militant Roman Catholic Church, which is as much the expression of the purposes of a foreign power as any influence exerted by the Communist Party . . . exercising a power of infiltration which must make members of the Communist Party feel that they are infants at the game."

There you have, step by step, the pattern of propaganda which today makes many Americans almost psychopathically suspicious of the Catholic Church: the assertions (1) that Catholicism entails mental blackout as inevitably as flying entails getting off the ground; (2) that the Church means inexorably to impose this, sooner or later, on all and sundry; (3) that by

deviousness and implacable persistence the Church has all but succeeded in doing it in America.

That is why opposition to parochial schools has grown sharper and sharper, for they are considered to be seedbeds of a militantly anti-American mentality. Where, twenty-five years ago, the National Education Association spontaneously recognized the right of such schools to exist and the "great contributions to human betterment" made by them, today there is in NEA resolutions and policies an unmistakably hostile attitude toward them. That is why, too, Dr. John L. Childs, professor of education at Columbia's Teachers College, last year proposed that legislation be enacted to force all children to spend at least one-half the required compulsory school time in public schools. Dr. Childs expressed alarm at the way in which the Catholic Church "has moved with consistency and zeal" to develop its own school system. He might well have been speaking of the schools for sabotage and subversion conducted by the Communist Party.

Dr. Childs' remarks, made at a convention of the American Association

• FLATTERY: An insult wrapped as a gift.

—IRISH DIGEST

for Jewish Education, were at once rebutted by Dr. Joseph H. Lookstein of Yeshiva University. Compulsory public school education, said Dr. Lookstein, would force upon every American child "a common form of secular education exclusively." Dr. Lookstein put his finger right on the principal threat to American liberties just now. For while the citizenry is distracted by the immediate approach of insatiably aggressive Communist imperialism, while there is a spurious hullabaloo about a Catholic scheme to shackle and blindfold the nation and shut it up in a concentration camp in the name of superstition, there is a very real, sizable, and effective conspiracy underway to foist a secularist totalitarianism on the people of the United States.

Speaking to the Washington Ministerial Union last February, Dr. F. Ernest Johnson, another professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia, said, "A mobilization seems to be going on among what I may call all-out secularists, people who want the schools not to be merely secular in the sense of indifference to traditional religion and religious institutions, but to adopt an antitheistic philosophy, a sort of secular religion." After quoting an address by "one of the most distinguished American educators," Dr. Johnson continued, "If

this means what it seems to mean and was taken to mean in the subsequent discussion, it proclaims the right of public school teachers to oppose in the classroom the cherished religious beliefs of millions of Americans."

Not only is it taken for granted by some that the public schools should be an instrumentality for indoctrination in a "dogmatic, antitheistic" philosophy, a secular pseudo religion, but it is contended that, precisely because they do not convey such views to their pupils, parochial schools must go. Dr. Jerome Nathanson, director of the Ethical Culture Society's John L. Elliott Institute in New York City, told the 1949 spring conference of the Teachers Guild that parochial schools must be opposed because they are not channels of "the secular tradition in American education. . . . Democratic education must regard such movements (parochial schools) as a menace, and teachers concerned with education for a free society must resist them."

A bookful of quotations from current writing could be compiled, showing the prevalence of the concept of an American religion binding on all. Lin Yutang, in *The Wisdom of America*, says that Dewey and Einstein best typify the American religion, offhandedly adding that Dewey is utterly against the supernatural and Einstein scoffs at the notion that "the individual survives the death of his body." Paul Blanshard speaks of "the American gospel of science." Ralph Barton Perry, in *Characteristically American* (a suggestive title, that), alludes more than once to "the American national creed." He says that that creed is one of liberalism, which insists "on the finality of the human person." "If the City of Man is autonomous," he writes, "it does not follow that the City of God is not the greater city, *provided the laws of the second in no wise transgress the laws of the first.*" (Italics mine.)

Dr. Perry, more than any other critic quoted in this article, strives to be fair to Catholicism according to his lights. There are others like him, men and women who, unconsciously astigmatic where Catholicism is concerned, try to be just in dealing with something they dislike. They do their part in perpetuating the notion of Catholicism as alien, reactionary, despotic. Yet they are not the ominous figures that certain others are: those, namely, who deliberately and crassly misrepresent and misinterpret Catholicism in order to get the American people to clear the ground of it—so that on that ground an antiseptic, air-conditioned, glaringly lighted prison of the spirit may be built, extending from coast to coast, border to border, and called the Uniformitarian Secularist Alcatraz.

The Pope of Freedom

Not the anarchy of the old-time individualist, but a socially directed freedom is the aim of Pius XII

by **JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.**

POPE PIUS XII wishes man's freedom to be guaranteed by the very structure of society. But a sound structure is not enough; the social order must function according to justice and charity. Otherwise we would be back in the eighteenth century, starting again the terrible abuses which followed the industrial revolution.

Freedom as a slogan is not new in the world. Our modern civilization in many ways is founded upon revolt. The Protestant Revolt in the sixteenth century was heralded as a blow for man's freedom. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, businessmen demanded their liberty, this time from social controls. During the same period, ancient customs and beliefs were overthrown. Yet many thoughtful historians would now argue that the wrong kind of freedom led directly to the dictator states of our century.

This distinction is very important in understanding the social teaching of the present Holy Father. Diffused private property does lay the foundation for man's freedom. But this property in turn must be used for the common good and subject to necessary social controls. Hence, an ideal social order would embody freedom in its structure, but it would be a disciplined and socially directed freedom, not the anarchy of individualism.

Thus, in the international sphere, there would be a society of free nations, working together to found a sound



Time and again over Vatican Radio Station, the Pope has laid down the principles of a just social order

juridical order. Nations would enjoy real freedom. Military might or economic supremacy would not be permitted to give more powerful nations dictatorial functions. Colonial nations would be trained to attain ultimate independence. The world council of nations, whatever be its title, would work out a body of law to govern the relations among states.

Trade among nations would likewise be subject to social controls, with two major ends in view. The first aim would be fair distribution of the world's wealth, with "have-not" nations given access to essential raw materials. Likewise there would be more equitable distribution of population, so that overcrowded nations could foster emigration in favor of underdeveloped areas. Thus, there would be equalizing of opportunity and les-

sening of the tensions which lead to strife among nations.

The second principle regarding world trade would be its subordination to sound domestic policy. Great harm was done in the past by an uncontrolled freedom of commerce, which left great nations helpless before the vagaries of world markets. This led to the opposite extreme of false nationalism, which used trade as a weapon of national power. The ideal is a middle way: free trade within the confines of social policy. This means that domestic security, full and stable employment at home, and national living standards would be given first consideration. Subject to these safeguards, trade would be free.

Within nations themselves, the preferable form of government would be



Bing Galloway

The Pope insists that social policy should seek to bring employer and employee into close co-operation

political democracy. While the Church is neutral regarding forms of rule, provided that it be just, yet the power of the modern state is such that other forms of government could easily become tyrannical. "If then, we consider the extent and nature of the sacrifice demanded of all the citizens, especially in our day when the activity of the state is so vast and decisive, the democratic form of government appears to many as a postulate of nature imposed by reason itself" (Christmas Broadcast, 1944).

Government exists to serve its citizens. "The state and politics have, in fact, precisely the office of securing for the family of every social class conditions necessary for them to exist and to evolve as economic, juridical, and moral entities" (October 21, 1945). People would not be "merely objects, that is to say, deprived of all right and subject to exploitation by others, but all instead would be subjects, that is, having an intimate share in the formation of the social order . . . with sufficient means of support, protected effectively against the violence of an egoistic economy, in freedom defined by the general welfare, and with full human dignity, each respecting his neighbor as he respects himself" (September 12, 1948).

The social policy of the state should be governed by the principles given in the magnificent passage just quoted. It should seek to make its citizens self-sufficient and self-supporting persons, and not to rule mechanically over mere masses held in economic subjection. Economic freedom, tempered by social responsibility, is the goal of sound politics. These points recur frequently in papal addresses.

In detail, this means a policy of favoring small and medium-sized business and, in general, diffusion of property ownership. Where a large number of citizens are effective owners of wealth, a strong foundation for freedom exists. Property consisting of shares in giant firms is not effective ownership, since thousands of scattered stockholders find it impossible to exercise control over their corporations.

The practical methods for achieving diffused ownership naturally vary from country to country. The Pope specifies ends; he does not normally indicate the means for achieving them. In the United States, small business can be fostered by tax policies, by making investment money more available to prospective owners, by favoring small firms in the immense purchasing activities of the federal government, and by making research, marketing, and other facilities available to them.

Antitrust programs could discourage bigness beyond the level of economic efficiency. Whether it would be fair to try to dismember existing corporate giants is a more controversial question. Some bigness is essential for certain forms of production. Until recently, at least, one could hardly have a small steel mill. The mass production of automobiles likewise demands a certain minimum size. Only large firms can afford continual and exhaustive research. But constant vigilance is needed to avoid bigness for the sake of power rather than efficiency. If this policy is supplemented by vigorous encouragement of smaller firms, we will have diffused economic power.

Thus, we would have an economy

characterized by the predominance of free business and professional men, industrialists, and farmers. But this freedom would not be absolute; it must be subject to social control in the interests of the common good. Concern for the general welfare should, of course, be a matter of individual conscience. But it is also a question of social organization. The form of this organization is vital to the preservation of freedom. Social controls of the recent past, administered almost exclusively by the state or by giant labor organizations, do not fit perfectly in the pattern of diffused power. Other methods should be found, if freedom is to be complete.

Even with diffusion of property, there would still be a labor problem. The needs of a large population demand some large-scale production and distribution facilities. Small and medium-sized companies will still employ workers. The problem, then, is to insure economic freedom to men under the wage contract.

Great advances were made in this direction since Pope Leo XIII spoke in 1891. Labor has organized into unions for the purpose of protecting its rights. In addition, there has been remarkable progress in social legislation. Nevertheless, future gains should not necessarily be sought by simply further emphasizing the power of labor and the control of government in relation to the employer. Such a trend would be dangerous.

As already noted, it would increase power concentration in society. It might undermine the right of private property by virtually abolishing employers' control over their wealth. It could accentuate class warfare. By removing the necessary discipline in economic life, it could actually lower production and hence decrease living standards.

Because of these dangers, the Holy Father found it necessary several times to defend the basic rights of employers. He noted that "the Church does not promise that absolute equality which others are claiming," because men naturally gravitate toward different positions in society (October 31, 1948). "The owner of the means of production . . . must always, within the limits of public economic law, retain control of his economic decisions" (May 7, 1949). He may receive higher income than the workers. Nor may the workers claim as a right a position of partnership with management. "Neither the nature of the labor contract nor the nature of the business enterprise in themselves admit necessarily of a right of this sort" (June 3, 1950).

This does not mean that the Pope opposes attempts at labor-management partnership. On the contrary, he explicitly commends them in the same ad-

dress. But he believes that the path to co-operation is education and persuasion, not economic or moral force.

The only lasting answer is the form of social organization proposed by Pope Pius XI, in May, 1931. This proposal has been called by Catholics here the Industry-Council System. Readers of THE SIGN will remember a learned analysis by Archbishop Alter dealing with this topic (May, 1950). It is particularly worth while to note the arguments used by the present Holy Father.

HE NOTES "over and above the distinction between employer and employee, which threatens more seriously every day to become a pitiless separation, there is human labor itself: the work to be done, the job to which every man contributes something vital and personal, with a view to supplying society with goods and services adequate to its needs. It lies in the very nature of labor, understood in this sense, to draw men together in a genuine and intimate union, and to restore form and structure to a society which has become shapeless and unstable" (July 18, 1947).

Earlier he stated that "the time has come to repudiate empty phrases, and to attempt to organize the forces of the people on a new basis; to raise them above the distinction between employers and would-be workers, and to realize the higher unity which is a bond between all those who co-operate in production, formed by their solidarity in the duty of working together for the common good and filling together the needs of the community.

"If this solidarity is extended to all the branches of production, if it becomes the foundation for a better economic system, it will lead the working class to obtain honestly their share of responsibility in the direction of the national economy. Thus, thanks to such harmonious co-ordination and co-operation; thanks to this closer unity of labor with the other elements of economic life, the worker will receive as a result of his activity sufficient to meet his needs and those of his family, with spiritual satisfaction and a powerful incentive toward self-improvement" (March 11, 1945).

Clearly, then, the task is to remove the prejudice that labor and capital are involved in "an irreducible clash of rival interests," whereas actually they are "linked in a community of action and interest. . . . They are co-operators in a common task. They eat, so to speak, from the same table. . . ." (May 7, 1949).

Theorists may disagree as to the full implications of the social order proposed by Pope Pius XI, but his successor leaves no doubt as to the immediate steps to be taken. If society is to be

based on co-operation of free men for the common good, rather than on strife or an order externally imposed by power groups, the place to begin is with labor and management. When they collaborate unselfishly, other reforms will follow.

The Pope does not consider such harmony an impossible ideal. On the contrary, he stresses the common interests which make any other course a matter of folly. They are partners in production. They share alike from general national prosperity. They suffer equally from "the problem of major importance and major urgency which broods like a nightmare especially over old industrial countries, that is, the imminent and permanent menace of unemployment" (June 3, 1950).

Social policy should aim at convincing employers and workers alike of their vital common concerns and to develop in them the habit of co-operation. Two concrete approaches may be of interest to Catholic social leaders in the United States. The first is the development often called "human relations in industry." The second is the series of studies on "Causes of Industrial Peace."

Human relations programs are based primarily upon the idea that industry should bring workers into a limited partnership. This approach was suggested by studies, undertaken by psychologists and sociologists, into the

• Scandal and failure make news.
Success makes history.

QUOTE

causes of dissatisfaction in industry. They found that the worker was not the "economic man," moved only by considerations of pay. At work as well as at home, men have deep human feelings. If they are treated as machines, they are bound to be resentful, no matter how well they are paid.

Hence the worker should be treated with dignity and respect. This has many implications in practice. Thus, efforts should be made to fit a worker to a job suitable to his talents and training. He should be afforded opportunity for education and advanced training. Decisions should be explained to him, not handed down as "take it or leave it" orders. Generally he should be consulted in advance on matters affecting him. He should be made to feel a valuable and respected part of the firm.

There are hundreds of publications and many periodicals devoted to explaining these basic ideas. Notable was a 1949 statement signed by seven corporation executives, with the advice of scores of businessmen, labor leaders, educators, and clergymen, called *Human Relations in Modern Business*. Catholics

would find its philosophy not foreign to that of the popes. Would it be asking too much of us to study such proved approaches to co-operation in the plant community?

A second promising avenue is the series of case studies made by the National Planning Association, under the heading "Causes of Industrial Peace." Here, fifteen outstanding instances of labor-management harmony are analyzed in detail, with every effort made to learn the reasons for success. From both approaches, human relations and industrial peace, we could derive many sound and promising ideas. The one emphasizes what an enlightened employer can do, without by any means excluding the union from the partnership. The other emphasizes successful collective bargaining which has gradually approached the level of partnership.

With this material we can convince the skeptical that moral principles do bring success in economic life. We can use the argument of example to persuade others to follow the same lines. Our aim would be to make collaboration between workers and management the rule rather than the exception. This would be an important first step toward a sound social order.

The other steps would then be less difficult. We would seek co-operation among business and professional men for their own mutual interests and the common welfare. We would strive for joint counsel and action among all economic groups to meet certain universal problems, such as preventing depressions. These common-interest groups in turn could make and enforce such regulations as are needed to promote the general welfare. This would remove from the state its overwhelming burden of detailed social control, and thus lead to diffusion of power.

ONCE the common sense of co-operation had been proved in the field of labor-management relations, it should be easier to promote it elsewhere. Thus, we would arrive at a social order with freedom a part of its structure, but with this freedom subject to social control in the interests of all. Control would be scattered among small, self-regulating groups. Problems of national scope could be handled by larger councils. This would be real economic democracy, in contrast to the jungle law of individualism or the iron discipline of the all-powerful police state.

Of old it was said that "the truth shall make you free." Our social teaching is based on truth; the truth of the Gospel, and truth founded on the nature of man. If only society could realize and apply this truth, men would indeed be free.

IN THE long winter evenings at home—my father smoking and my mother with the gas lamp drawn toward her so she could the better see to be mending the children's clothes—my father and mother would talk, though sometimes with not much chat to their talk, my father being one who would look long at the fire in the grate with great thoughts in his eyes it might be; and my mother, when she saw him like that, not wishful to disturb him.

He was captain of a huge, black coasting schooner, my father at this time, and gone long days to sea—two weeks or three to Norfolk, and back again in the long wintertime—with great gales, it might be, roaring up and down the coast. And when he would come home, and in his Christmas slippers sit before the fire, my mother—that could talk as easy as flowing water when she liked—was never the one, as I say, to disturb him; for when then he did speak 'twas sometimes great things he would say.

He was a sociable man, my father, and neighbors would call in freely on him when they heard he was home again; and 'twas Miles McDonough, the lame blacksmith, with the two helpers at the head of the coal dock, who came in to smoke and to gossip and pass the first leg of this winter's night with him; and it was Miles that saw my father was in for one of his long fasts of silence and so waited a decent interval before he spoke of anything but the health of my mother and the children and the bad weather out to sea.

"Did I see you passin' the door of my little shop at dark tonight—you an' the boss on your way home from the dock?" asks Miles by and by.

"You did," said my father.

"And the two of ye, ye had yer heads together," said Miles, "as if it was some great secret ye had between ye."

My father said nothing to that, only to stare at the red fire; and Miles—a lonesome widower and a childless man, a man given, when alone, to the reading of poetry—Miles was the kind would wait for a tale in patience.

By and by my father looked up at the clock with the two steeples ticking like mad on the mantel above the fireplace; and from the clock he looked over his shoulder at me; and when he did I bent low over my home lesson at one end of my mother's sewing table.

"'Twill be like hauling a deep-loaded vessel off the shoals for your mother to be gettin' you out o' your bed in the morning," said my father. But my mother that knew what I was thinking without being told, said: "Let him stay awhile yet, Dan."

"Yes," said Miles, "let be the lad till he have his lessons learned and you but this morning home from sea."

"Besides," he added after an interval of meditation, "I've noticed, Dan, that 'tis more like to be the whisper of the soft south wind than the roar of the cold north will be in your voice when any of the childer are by."

"And always when bold men come back from danger," said Miles, after another puffing of his pipe the while—"or 'tis so I've noticed—'tis of the tender and not the terrible things they would be speakin' of in their home. And then 'tis back to the Irish of their young days—the tender, lilting Irish that has ten words of love to the one of hate—'tis the darlin' Irish will be at your tongue's end for the tellin' of the tale, Dan."

"'Tis for lovers, and minstrels, and fightin' men—the Irish," said Miles, after another interval.

"'Tis not in the Irish I will tell this tale," said my father.

"Me pipe," said Miles, "is slipping from between me lips—so loose are they for the taste of what it is you have to say."

'Twas a sad sight, or so I thought (began my father), when ten years ago I first saw him as the owner he was to be of two score coasting schooners—from the little two-master freighting her fifty or sixty or a hundred tons of potatoes and hay—it might be, from down East way—to the great, long four- and five-masted black- and white-painted ones with their three or four or five thousand tons 'twixt deck and keel, the same rolling grandly up the southern coast.

A LAD of riches they had made of him, and down he comes to the wharf, but thirteen years at the time, with furs to his neck and bells jingling to his span of horses, and a big strong man to open the door for him when out of his fine carriage he steps. And when he said to one, "Do you do that," that one did it, and to another, "Do you do this," he did it.

Whether 'twas right or wrong, no matter, they did it, for he was the master; and heart o' God! I mind the night when first I saw him a babe just weaned of his mother's breast, and she and him and the father comin' over the side in Newport News, the father being Tom Rockett, who'd given up being mate of the great *Mabel Walker* to be master of the little *Henry Wing*.

"Master I'd rather be of the little *Henry*," says Tom Rockett, "than mate of a hundred *Mabel Walkers*. I'm head of my own home now," says Tom, "with my own wife and my own son growing up beside me, and if God is good, may-

The

Compared with the wealthy *Henry Wing*,

Dan Donlin have given his lad

to a happy future had been s



by JAMES B. DONNO

ILLUSTRATED BY HOW LUT

"Look," calls out the watch and sent us flying from our bunks to the deck



Adoption

Henry Wing, what could
given the lad whose right
had been so dearly bought?

B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO



be more sons and daughters in time, and 'tis fitting," says Tom, "that a man full grown should be setting his own watches when he can."

A man, Tom Rockett, with great, careless ways to him, though not so careless at this time as in the days when no wife and baby he was looking forward to; and his wife that fond of him she couldn't bear to be parted from him; and the baby, too, that couldn't bear to be parted from him or her, she said; and so to sea trip after trip she would go with him, when safer ashore she would be, herself and the little boy baby.

"A sailor of mark he'll be if he so wishes," Tom would say. "'Twill be in his blood, for soaking in the brine and the breeze he is with his mother's milk—a great, brave man when he grows up, that men and women will be proud to do the will of."

And 'twas not so hard a life of it they had while Tom was mate of the great *Mabel Walker*, that had for master Wat Mason, the easygoing old bachelor that liked well as the next to see young folks happy, and for a second mate Jack Warren, that had a baby boy of his own to home, though without a mother that same boy was. But on the little *Henry Wing* 'twas less comfortable, and Tom was minded, lonesome as he knew he would be, not to let his wife and baby be coming aboard so often; but once more he let them, the baby being now three years old. "Not long now," says Mr. Wing, the junior owner, "before the new big one will be ready for sea, and that big one will be for you, Tom Rockett, to go master of."

But Tom was still in the little three-master, himself and his wife and little *Henry Wing Rockett*, his boy, that some wondered did he name after the man that had married *Mabel Walker* or after his vessel, so fond was he of his vessel. And a fine little vessel she was of her tonnage, a good one to sail; and sailing out past the Capes she came with us, Jack Warren being now first mate and myself second mate of the *Mabel Walker*. And Tom breasted the little *Henry* up to the great *Mabel*, and there he stayed, Tom driving the *Henry* powerfully to hold his own, and Wat Mason jogging along with no mind to hinder his worst enemy, let alone Tom Rockett that he was friendly to.

Up the coast we came together, past Nantucket and over the shoals and up to Cape Cod of a winter's day. But no rounding the Cape that day, but glad we were to anchor in the lee of it when the wind hauled to the nor'west; and there we lay, a fleet of us, waiting for it to moderate; but no moderating to it that day—nor that night. Into the east it jumped, and with it a thick o' snow;

and it snowed and snowed, great flakes and wind making always. And on our vessel we gave her more chain, and from others to wind'ard we could hear them paying out more chain; but from those to loo'ard no sound, because 'twas more than a hatful o' wind by now was blowing to smother all sound to loo'ard save the roar of the gale itself.

The snow passed and the wind backed into the nor'west, and now 'twas cold as frozen ice, and a gale behind to drive that cold into the bones of the best of us. And standing watch, long hours of that night, we wondered how the little *Henry Wing* fared, she lying inshore of us when the snow set in, and we hoping nothing was happening her; hoping so, but fearful inside of us, for coming down on the wings of the nor'wester to us was the roar of the surf booming up onto the sands; and long and low, with a wonderful reach for a sea to run, is the shore of Cape Cod lying thereaway.

Terrible things do happen in the night and no soul but God to know of it. "Look!" calls out the watch, and there was that in his voice made those of us but half awake to jump flying from our bunks to the deck.

'Twasn't yet the clear light o' morning, but even so we knew her—the little *Henry Wing* fast in the shoal water and the green-white surf breaking over her. And when the full light of sunrise came and we looked for sign of life on her,

no life could we see, unless the figures lashed fast and high in her rigging could be alive; and small hope had any of us of that, for stiff and straight in the shrouds they hung, swinging this way and that as the shrouds would give to the wind, but on their own account no lift of arm or leg to show were they alive. And, tossing this way and that in the surf, a capsized boat told us what had happened the others of them.

"They're dead," says Wat Mason—"frozen stiff, as they'd have to be after last night. And no good can we do 'em, even if we would."

But Jack Warren and myself had other thoughts while we studied together on what had happened aboard the vessel. "It was a sea boarded her and washed her cabin house and all on deck away, and into the rigging they had to hurry," says Jack.

"And a hard thing," I says, "that we must look on while Tom Rockett and his wife do swing to every puff o' wicked wind in the toe of a winter's morning."

"Ay," says Jack to the skipper, he listening to the pair of us—"Tom and his wife and whoever else it might be hangin' between 'em, and we look on and not try to cut 'em down?"

"Are you sure it's them?" asks Captain Mason.

"Leave it to me and Dan that ought by now to know—them and the little lad it might be hangin' between them," says Jack Warren, and passed the long glass to Captain Mason.

"It's hard," says our Captain when by 'n' by he puts down the glass. "I know it's hard, and you three—you Jack and Dan and Tom Rockett such great friends—and of the rest of us none but what liked him. But I can't order men to go into a boat a day like this."

"There were never twenty men gathered together in one ship," says Jack Warren, "but enough were standing by to man a boat." He turns to me. "You'll go with me, Dan?"

"I'll go with you, boy, to the lid o' hell," I says.

Three more came and Jack Warren to steer her, and we made our way, the devil hindering but God helping, till in time we laid the boat into the lee of the *Henry Wing*.

'Twas me climbed to where the frozen bodies were lashed in the iced-up rigging, and first I looked to the wife of Tom Rockett, and mother o' God!—a night half as cold would have been enough, what with the poor bit o' clothes was wrapped around her. And Tom Rockett with not even his great-coat to his back through the cold of that winter night! But there was one with clothes enough—the little boy with his mother's wraps, and around them again



Explanation

► It had been one of the boss's bad days, and in the closing minutes of the working day his secretary brought him a letter for his signature. Being in a hurry, he signed the letter, but not until he had the stenographer put it back into the typewriter and add: "P.S. Please excuse errors. Dictated to a poor stenographer."

After he had left the office, the girl took the letter from the envelope, still unsealed, and added: "P.S. #2. The reason I am so poor is because he pays me only \$25. a week."

(Mrs.) Florence Knight

his father's greatcoat—clothes enough to smother him but for the holes they'd cut to let in and out his breath.

Alive he was; and him I passed down first; and then his father and mother; and we laid them in our boat and put back to our own vessel. And if I haven't said before it was a bad day, I'll say it now. It was wicked day, with a tide that was racing black as a beeching of smoke through an ocean of milk between the two vessels. And coming alongside the vessel, me with the little boy in the bow watching my chance to leap aboard the big schooner, over went our boat and into the sea we all went. And when from out of the sea they hauled us, gone was Jack Warren that had clung to his steering oar to the last to hold the boat's bow against the vessel; and with him went the frozen bodies of the baby's father and mother.

My father stopped, and, "It is so the sea will claim its own, sometimes when there do seem to be small need of it," said Miles McDonough.

Twenty years past (said my father again) and gone it is now, and praying won't bring him back, but a fine man was lost that morning to save Tom Rockett's baby. I laid the baby in my bunk in the cabin of the *Mabel Walker*, and as I did 'twas the two lonely eyes of him were drowned in tears for sight of the father and mother that he couldn't understand was gone. And 'twas me was nurse to him on that road to Boston, and 'twas me was for taking the poor child to my own home, knowing how Annie would say, even as she did say when I brought Jack Warren's little fellow home to her later—"Will you take him in—Jack Warren's boy—Annie Donlin?" I said, and "That I will!" she says—"and our own maybe will make him forget, him growing up with them, poor heart, his mother so long dead and his poor father that's just gone down into the sea from him."

You mind the day, Anneen?

"I mind the day," said my mother, "a fine, bright day that's never grown dark in my memory."

But that was later (went on my father). 'Twas Henry Wing's wife, Mabel Walker that was, that was at the dock to meet me when ashore from the *Mabel Walker* I stepped with Tom Rockett's boy. 'Twas in love she'd been, if ever a woman was in love, with Tom Rockett before she married Henry Wing. 'Twas a long time before I thought it, but one thing and another—

JAMES B. CONNOLLY has published 25 books and made some 200 magazine appearances. Our Encore story is taken from his book *Headwinds*. (Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. No part may be reprinted without express permission of the copyright owners.)



"Whist," said my father.
"Let be the poor lad"

me sailing mate with Tom Rockett, never a day our vessel made Boston but Mabel Walker would be to the office; and all the while the *Mabel* lay in port, 'twas in the office she'd be. And when 'twould be me and not Tom Rockett would come to the office to report the vessel, 'twould be asking after my wife and the children the poor girl would be to get me talking, for 'tis the foolish tongue I have of Annie Donlin and the young ones, when themselves are not by to grow overproud with hearing it; and from that 'twould be easy to ask how the vessel was making out, and Mr. Rockett, how was he? But from the day Tom Rockett married she never came near the office, and by and by she married Henry Wing, that all along her people had been wishful for her to marry, if what the clerks in the office did say was true.

I came ashore from the wreck of the *Henry Wing* with Tom Rockett's baby in my arms, and what with the newsboys in the street selling the accounts of the wreck, all was known before us. "What will you do with the child, Mr. Donlin?" says Mrs. Wing.

And I told her how 'twas the great friends Tom Rockett and myself were, and how I knew he would be turning his eyes from the other world to see that his baby shouldn't be beholden to some charity institution for his bringing up.

"Let me have him, Mr. Donlin," she says, "and no charity institution will he go to. Let me have him!" she says, and

the fright was in her eyes that I would not.

"But Annie, my wife," I says, "and Tom Rockett's wife that's dead—'tis great friends they were."

"Tell your wife," she says, "that none of my own have I, and God knows my soul and body have hungered for one. Let me have him, Mr. Donlin, and it's never he will want in this world for what a child should have. A great man I'll make of him and a great business he will fall into, with thousands to jump to his nod when a man he's grown to be."

And I let her have him, and, true to her word, a great business he did fall into when Henry Wing and then herself died; and thousands there are to jump to his nod at this very moment. Of something of that it may be I was thinking when today I saw him, myself coming up from the vessel and himself standing in the doorway of his office; but of what he was thinking never a notion had I, when into his private office he called me.

"Captain Donlin," says he, "have you an hour to spare?"

"That and more, Mr. Rockett," I said.

It was in the large chair where only the notables of his acquaintance had ever sat that he set me; and from a drawer in his desk he passed me a box of his fine cigars; and a moment or two he gave me to light up.

"Do you know, Captain," he says, "that I never heard from you how you

WHITE FLAME

by KENTON KILMER

*Many waters cannot quench love,
neither can the floods drown it.*

*Here on the spinning earth,
Circling between great fire and greater dark,
Our God has set His mark
And given His folk a universal worth.
Here, in this mold, takes birth
A deeply growing buried spark—
A fire to leave all suns cold, staring, stark.
Less bitter be your tears; less very your mirth.*

*Our frozen battlements against the cold
Will melt in that white flame.
Even the murmur of its name
Shakes the blue steel, loosens the hands that hold.
He shuts out life, who builds himself a wall,
But love will flame, till icy bastions fall.*

found me twenty years ago in the rigging of the *Henry Wing*. Others have told me, but never you."

And I told him, him sitting by the window with the darkness falling and the pair of us looking down the gray harbor the while I talked. And when I'd done he bowed his head, and bowed his head again, more like an old man than a young one, and said: "Now and again I've heard those that said, meaning it not for my ears, that 'twas a lucky day for Tom Rockett's son when the *Henry Wing* went ashore on the sands of Cape Cod. And they doubtless meant no harm in saying it, and, Captain Donlin, no harm in my hearing it, till the day came when I began to think myself that it was a lucky day for me the night the *Henry Wing* went ashore."

He sat there, his face like ice that's been frozen black in the winter nor'west wind, and I wondered what was he thinking. Twenty-three years you are, I thought to myself, the same age as our Jackie, thickset as ever your father was, maybe thicker; but softer, for more o' good living you've seen than had ever your father, but a lot of your father's looks in you yet—a strong-looking man that many would call handsome.

"And you no longer think it's a lucky day, Mr. Rockett?" I asked him when I saw that 'twas helping out he wanted, he a young, masterful man so looked up to all his life that he'd never learned what it was to share his heart with any but his own self.

"No longer do I think so," he says, and then, quick like: "You have a son?"

"I have six," I says, "by nature, and one by adoption."

"It's your adopted son, John Warren, I have in mind," he says—"one of my stevedores, John Warren."

"And what have you against him, Mr.

Rockett?" said I, feeling the rough edge in his voice.

"I'm saying nothing against him, Captain. I'm only thinking that if my foster father taught me one thing, it was to sit down and think things out. John Warren's wages in the whole year are maybe equal to my income for one short week, and me like to be making more, many times more, some day. But he's had in his life, Captain, what I never had."

"And what is that?" I asked—"and him a poor boy."

"I'm not sure I know," he said. "But I've walked home with him evenings to see what it was. Women would pass us, old and young, lovely and otherwise, and some would look at me, but all would look at him—and he no taller, nor broader, nor, as most people would have it, any better to look at than I, for, in all justice, am I a repulsive object to look at, Captain Donlin?"

"You're far from that," I said.

"And my manners and dress are equal to the next man's. And if 'twas the two of us going into a club, Captain, or private house, and our names sent in before us, it is jumping down to look after me the servants—yes, and masters, too—would come, leaving your adopted son to shift for himself. I mean no harm by that, Captain, but so it is."

"I know nothing of club life or grand homes," I said, "but I can believe it."

"But the two of us, Captain, walking through the crowded streets with none to know which is the shipowner and which his stevedore, it is to him they look. Women sometimes are pleasant to me, but when they look at him their eyes grow lightsome. I call to children, with money in my open palm, and sometimes they come to me, and sometimes they won't; but let him beckon

his empty finger and they come like leaping lambs to his side. No gifts have we that we can't account for. How comes he by that, Captain Donlin?"

"You've your gift, Mr. Rockett."

"What is it?" he asks.

"You've a wonderful head for business—one of the wonderful young men of the country—all men say, and like to be a great captain of industry before you die."

"It may be," he says. "But isn't that because I have been trained to it? My foster father saw to that, Captain, before he died. But I might have had a head for something else, something not to be measured by freightage, or tonnage, or dollars. I might, I say, but I haven't. Do you know what I mean now, Captain Donlin?"

I held my peace.

"And you did well," put in Miles when he saw that my father had stopped. "'Tis not always wise to agree with a man when he's cursing the luck life's brought him. But of what were you thinkin', Dan?"

"I was thinking, Miles, that 'twas a good and a fond woman that had brought him up, but a fond and foolish woman, too, and fond and foolish women are more like to train those they love in the way to give them the least pain than to do them the most good."

"But I said nothing of that thought, Miles, to him. What I did say was: 'Twas an honest man, and a man of education, who saw to your education, Mr. Rockett.'"

"Yes," he said. "An educated man, and as honest as the next—and no more. And you're not the first man to tell me that Tom Rockett, my father, was something of a man."

"He was that," I said. "A full man."

AND I should by all rights have been a full man today, Captain. The little spark o' Tom Rockett that's left in me knows that tonight. It's you should have taken me home, Captain Donlin, as you took Jack Warren's boy home, and on your knee that's danced a dozen of your own, and in the bosom o' that wife of yours that's mothered a dozen, there I'd learned—without knowing I was learning—what it is that means most in life. 'Twas I, too, should 'a' known what a pinched belly was and bare feet to cold flagging, for 'twas in my nature to suffer and no harm in the withstanding of it, me that was Tom Rockett's son; but it was not for me, and so today there's little besides the bossing of two thousand men that I have to show for my upbringing. John Warren's father and John Warren's mother, good as they were, were no better than the father and mother that died that I

(Continued on page 76)

STAGE

and

SCREEN



Richard Widmark, Reginald Gardiner,
and Ralph Nagara in "Halls of Montezuma"

by **JERRY COTTER**

At this writing, the issue involved in the banning of Roberto Rossellini's *The Miracle* by New York City's Commissioner of Licenses has not been finally decided. An episode in an omnibus production entitled *The Ways of Love*, it is a vile and offensive mockery of religious faith and as such was ordered deleted from the program of a local art theater.

The immediate reaction from the self-appointed guardians of "civil liberty" was much as you would expect. These self-styled liberals set in motion a campaign of vilification, distortion, and lies that could have come from a Kremlin handbook. The pattern was clear and so was the objective, just as clear as Rossellini's purpose in filming such a perverse and antireligious vignette.

In brief, it is the story of an idiot peasant woman living in a small Italian town. She submits to a stranger whom she mistakes for her patron saint, believing that she has been divinely chosen to be the mother of his child. Cast out by the villagers, she crawls into an empty church, where her baby is born.

Commissioner Edward T. McCaffrey ordered the film withdrawn under threat to revoke the theater's license, claiming that the picture assailed the religious beliefs of hundreds of thousands in the city.

The Miracle is sacrilegious and blasphemous. It offends the beliefs of every Christian. As such it has no place on the screen. Those who claim to speak for freedom and liberty when they assail such a ban are deluding none but themselves.

If we have reached the stage where depravity and outright mockery of religion are to be excused as artistic and defended in the name of freedom, then we are indeed in a sorry mess. It seems to depend very much these days on which religion, which political belief, and which dogma is being attacked. It all smacks strongly of the totalitarian philosophy we once loathed so heartily.

Reviews in Brief

THE MAN WHO CHEATED HIMSELF is cut from a conventional mold with little in the way of plot originality or outstanding acting to lift it above the mediocre. Lee Cobb is cast as a police lieutenant who attempts to cover up his affair with a married woman and also the murder of her husband. Jane Wyatt has the thankless role of the amoral wife, and John Dall is the detective's young brother who brings about their downfall. Uninspired in every department, this is one melodrama you can well afford to miss. (20th Century-Fox)

Only the operatic sequences pass muster in **GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE**, a rather inane comedy with a tendency to let the actors carry the major burden. Kathryn Grayson's beautiful singing, particularly in an aria from *La Boheme*, offers some compensation for the trite script. Most of the rest is tasteless, considerably less than hilarious, and morally objectionable in its acceptance of divorce. Van Johnson cavorts in his familiar style, and such usually reliable performers as Barry Sullivan, Paula Raymond, Lewis Stone, and Reginald Owen are wasted. (M-G-M)

THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA is as grim, depressing, and tense as war itself. It has been so expertly produced and so brilliantly underplayed that you feel the life-and-death struggle is bitterly real and not a sham battle. The episode of a Marine attack on a Pacific Island stronghold during World War II has been so realistically set up and photographed that it might have been wrenched from today's press dispatches. It is the story of one Marine platoon's heroism in ferreting out and destroying a Japanese rocket launcher. Substitute today's Chinese Red soldiers in Korea and the picture be-

comes horribly real. Seldom has the screen managed to combine action and characterization with such complete success. Brief flashbacks to the men's civilian lives give a good background for their action and reactions in combat. Director Lewis Milestone was fortunate in securing a cast as excellent as this. Richard Widmark's portrayal of a teacher turned lieutenant is a splendid acting achievement. With lesser opportunity the others are also excellent. Richard Hylton, Skip Homeier, Walter Palance, Neville Brand, Robert Wagner, Karl Malden, and, surprisingly, Reginald Gardiner make you feel the terror, the comradeship, and the horror of life under fire. Technicolor photography helps convey the incongruity of death and destruction against a panorama of nature's lushness and beauty. This is not for the youngsters, nor for those who suffer with sons, brothers, or husbands in the current battle against evil. (20th Century-Fox)

THE HILLS OF IRELAND will delight the heart of every Gael. It is a well-planned excursion through the hills and valleys, the cities and villages of the Emerald Isle. Photographed in vivid color, with Pat O'Brien serving as narrator and Christopher Lynch supplying several vocal interludes, the film is a nostalgic treat for all who have roots in old Ireland. The written commentary stresses the staunch faith of the Irish people, a faith which has sustained them through long years of privation and strife. (World Travel Films)

Esther Williams and Howard Keel have a difficult time making **PAGAN LOVE SONG** even partially palatable. Filmed in Hawaii, although the story is set in Tahiti, the plot is so feeble and the dialogue so trite that it is impossible to rouse more than a mild interest in the whole affair. Again Technicolor photography comes to the rescue and salvages a few bright moments in an otherwise dull routine. Musically, histrionically, and artistically this is second class. (M-G-M)

KIM is a passably entertaining adaptation of the Kipling tale, done up in a bright Technicolor package and saved from mediocrity through the fine work of Dean Stockwell in the title role. As the English orphan who wanders across the face of turbulent India, he is completely convincing. Far less

satisfactory are Errol Flynn as a story-book British agent and Paul Lukas in the role of an aged lama. There is a colorful series of background scenes which heighten interest in an otherwise rambling and poorly developed production. Young Stockwell acquits himself with glory in this episodic spectacle. (M-G-M)

Alan Ladd has a tailored Western in the rousing and action-packed **BRANDED**. In story value and audience appeal, this has considerably more polish and substance than the average saga of the range. Posing as the long-lost son of a wealthy ranch family, Ladd proceeds to set the stage for the theft of a fortune. Under the influence of the family's kindness and happiness, he turns the tables on his confederates and paves the way for a misty-eyed fadeout. In between there are many scenes of fast action and hard riding against eye-filling Technicolor landscapes. Charles Bickford, Mona Freeman, and Robert Keith help Ladd convert this into a literate and genuinely exciting family tale. (Paramount)

Mob violence is graphically and frighteningly depicted in **THE SOUND OF FURY**, a semidocumentary study of one weak man's excursion into the crime world. It shows with sobering realism how an entire town can be transformed into a maelstrom of hatred and revenge, resulting in an animalistic display of unbridled and emotional frenzy. The inevitable lynching of two murderers becomes an anticlimax. The main figure is a jobless veteran, who embarks on a career of petty hold-ups with a wily confederate, solely to provide for his wife and child. When his partner branches out into kidnapping and murder, the weakling is too horrified and frightened to do more than turn to drink. An irresponsible newspaper columnist whips public indignation to the point of hysteria, and when the men are captured the entire town turns out to storm the jail and commit its own collective crime. In driving home its messages against crime and sensationalism, the picture occasionally overstresses, but the general effect is both salutary and sobering. Frank Lovejoy is fine as the cowering man who thinks he can dabble in crime "just a bit." Kathleen Ryan, remembered from *Odd Man Out*, is excellent in the role of his distraught wife, and Richard Carlson is completely believable as the columnist, who learns too late the power of the press. A hard-hitting, sordid, powerful drama, definitely not for youngsters. (United Artists)

Mona Freeman and Charles Bickford make a reformed man of Alan Ladd in "Branded"



Kathleen Ryan and Frank Lovejoy in "Sound of Fury," dramatic semidocumentary



THE GOLDBERGS have transferred their perpetual *kaffee klatch* to the screen on a temporary basis. Their radio and television fans will undoubtedly find it all good fun. Its dialect-style humor is warm and friendly, with large doses of pathos and homey philosophy to balance the script. Gertrude Berg plays "Molly" with the same warmth she has lavished on radio audiences for years. The plot is simple and the dialogue realistic in this family picture of life with the Goldbergs. (Paramount)

The New Plays

As musical revues go, BLESS YOU ALL is an also-ran. It has lavish costumes and sets which all but dwarf the players in their frantic scurrings to be tuneful and funny. Unfortunately for them, most of the comedy material falls flat and the score never quite clicks. Mary McCarty is hampered by the lack of worthwhile sketches, but she does shine momentarily in a "Peter Pan" satire. Pearl Bailey, Jules Munshin, and Valerie Bettis are even less fortunate with the songs and gags handed to them. When the humor isn't heavy-handed it is vulgar, which doesn't help the average entertainment seeker.

Frederic March and Florence Eldridge have a perfectly tailored vehicle in Arthur Miller's adaptation of THE ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE. Hendrik Ibsen's violent, brooding, and bitter drama is sending the rabid left-wingers into ecstasies these nights, and well it might. Ibsen's defense of a man who would not compromise with the truth, even when faced with the overwhelming pressure of public opinion and distrust, has been cleverly rewoven and redesigned to parallel some current political problems.

In the Ibsen drama, the official medical officer of a health springs resort learns that the water is actually polluted. When he publicizes the fact, expecting to be treated as a local hero, he is condemned, forced out of his position, subjected to ridicule and violence, his family maligned and, as the curtain falls, evicted from his home with a howling mob close behind.

On the surface, this is an honest thesis and one which might well bear examination. But this adaptation bristles with an indignation that is less Ibsen than Marx. With sly and subtle sophistry it points up an obvious fact, that the majority is not always right, leaving the impression that today's fiery radicals are the maligned truth-bearers. Dr. Stockman's crusade for pure water is, one suspects, being artfully used by a clever dramatist to belabor a point that could easily contaminate our own wellspring.

The hammer-and-sickle set may well cheer the play's political expediency, militant agnosticism, and clever distortions. The average playgoer—who rightfully resents what is being attempted with this revival—will hardly find the perversion worth either time or money. What transpires onstage at the Broadhurst Theatre has all the outward appearances, and many of the subsurface attributes, of a typical clenched-fist charade.

March's hysterical histrionics are just what this adaptation requires, and Miss Eldridge meets the demands of her secondary role in adequate fashion. Miller, author of *All My Sons* and *Death of a Salesman*, proves himself an artful adaptor, capable of clever manipulation of words, ideas, and purposes.

George Bernard Shaw's flair for satire and devastating wit is not plainly evident in the mildly humorous CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION. Instead, we have a sort of comic-opera routine, without benefit of music, in which Shaw strikes out in his own inimitable fashion at the mores and modes of the modern whirl. The current revival owes far more to Edna Best and John Archer than to the redoubt-

able deceased. They inject a note of conviction into an otherwise tired treatise that is to be numbered among the lesser works in an auspicious dossier.

Gloria Swanson and Jose Ferrer have been teamed in the second ANTA production of the season, a revival of the Hecht-MacArthur comedy, TWENTIETH CENTURY. Their performances are so vigorous that one can wish the effort was spent in a better cause. The story of one hectic trip on the 20th-Century Limited is occasionally flecked with hilarity, more often marked by suggestiveness and sly ridicule of religion. It is regrettable that ANTA, otherwise known as the National Theatre and Academy, organized to bolster the living theater, doesn't raise its sights a bit. There are any number of fine plays in the files which might better serve the needs of ANTA, the talents of such stars as Miss Swanson and



Dean Stockwell falls into unfriendly hands in "Kim," adaptation of the Kipling tale

Ferrer, and the tastes of the audience it hopes to woo back to the theater.

KING LEAR, as played by Louis Calhern and company, is a triumph of staging and adaptation. This revival of the Bard's fiery, harrowing drama is an excellent piece of stagecraft, shorn of pageantry and frills, but retaining the vivid essentials of this bitter tragedy. To some the Calhern interpretation will seem too much on the showy side. He misses not a single opportunity to convey the physical flourishes of the role. That he does not fully grasp the deeper facets is perhaps the greatest flaw in an otherwise impressive presentation. Nina Foch, Arnold Moss, Wesley Addy, and the others in the cast add considerable strength to the over-all performance with their sharply etched characterizations. This *King Lear* is on the ingenious side, production-wise, and bombastically performed by a group of enthusiastic thespians who overcome the obstacles of a difficult drama which Charles Lamb said could not be acted.

OUT OF THIS WORLD should have stayed there. A singularly tasteless and tuneless affair, with an intense preoccupation with sex, it fumbles along on a poorly devised adaptation of *Amphitryon* 38. There is a Cole Porter score, which sounds like the output of a rank amateur, expensive costuming designed primarily to accentuate the suggestiveness of the theme, and dialogue that is too often profane and in the worst possible taste. Charlotte Greenwood, William Eythe, and the others rate condolences—if they really needed the jobs.

Peep into Titotalitaria

Tito's Yugoslavia is camera-shy, and the reason is very obvious, judging from these pictures smuggled from behind his Iron Curtain

• Yugoslavia, under the ruthless Marshal Tito, suffers one of the very lowest standards of living, according to most observers. While wages have gone up, prices of consumers' goods have skyrocketed. Everything is rationed; the farms are fast being collectivized. Transportation is miserable, housing worse. Starvation is widespread, as we know from the daily papers. Worst of all, there is a reign of terror against the Church. Priests have been imprisoned and killed, monasteries closed, and only Godless schools continue to function. The black market flourishes, and the people are forced to join the "volunteers brigade" that works seven days a week building a city as a monument to their dictator.

This is the country that the UN welcomes to its midst. This is the same country that the United States is anxious to help for the one reason that it will be an ally against Russia. Tito, in the meantime, though begging for help, wants to keep his Iron Curtain down. Little wonder—judging from these pictures.



Marshal Tito



Tito signs encircle a church, reminding Party members they must not enter. These little boys are taught in government schools that there is no God.



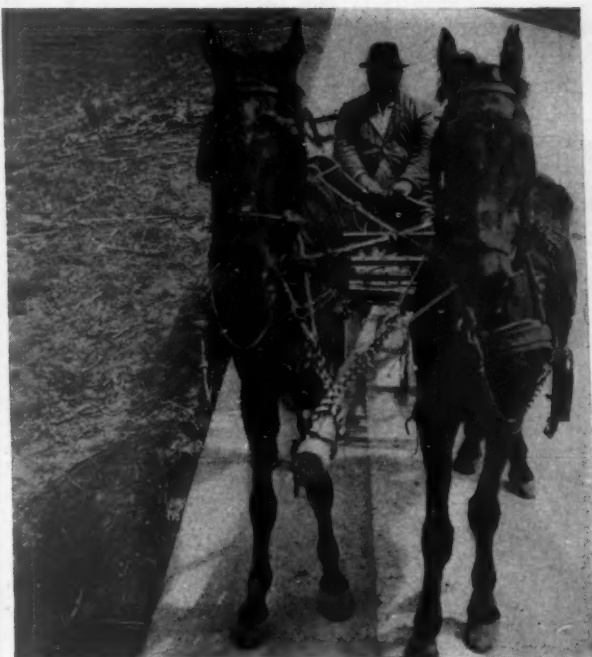
Photos by Three Lions

A black market deal. Yugoslav Government pegged the dinar at fifty to a dollar, but on the black market as many as three hundred are offered to the people.

— A Sign Picture Article —



The young lady is an air transport worker and can afford to buy on the open market. She paid the equivalent of a half hour's pay for a few onions.



At fantastic expense of money and labor, Tito built a motor road between Zagreb and Belgrade. It is used mostly by old wagons, as motor cars are very scarce.



Regimentation begins in the nursery. All children wear the same kind of clothes. Unlike Gulliver on the wall, these hapless children will do little traveling.



The Orient Express stops at Yugoslav border on way to Istanbul. No one alights, and only one man boards the train. He is very likely a Communist Party official.

**A
SIGN
PICTURE
ARTICLE**



Peasants in Macedonia are pitifully poor. Here women pick a few grains of corn thrown to the fowl. This border area, claimed by Tito, is disputed by Bulgaria.



Like all dictators, Tito promised the people proper water supplies and plumbing. Most of the villages still use century-old wells similar to the one shown above.



In the southern part of the country there is a large Moslem population which is indifferent to Tito. Signs are placed in their language to try to win them over.



Teen-agers, like the two girls above, work seven days a week. They receive in return food, clothes, and on occasion a pass to the movies. They are Party members.

The Altar and the Cross



Calvary is not a date in a history book.

It is now, and we are there

by **SIMON WOOD, C.P.**

ANY HISTORIAN truly aware of the forces quickening human history must recognize that the most influential event of all earth's happenings has been the crucifixion of Jesus Christ two thousand years ago. The annals of men's deeds can record no fact that has so changed the ideals of societies, so softened man's cruelty, given such motivated courage to the common man, and inspired such lofty flights, both of artistic genius and of moral heroism as has that death.

There is no need of other-worldly interpretations nor of the subtleties of logic. The plain facts hold before our eyes the fulfillment, at least in part, of Christ's own explanation of His mission: "I have come to save that which was lost." Had it not become a formula familiar and frequent, it would indeed be a startling truth that Jesus Christ is God in human form suffering and dying to save men from themselves, from sin, and from eternal punishment.

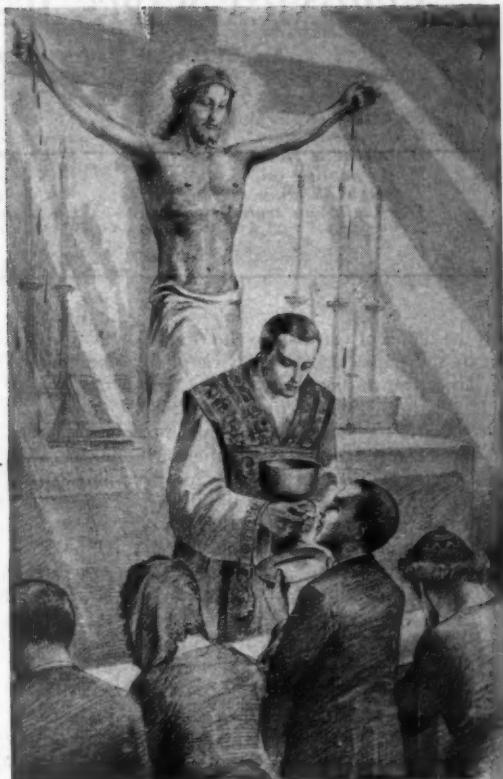
But this article does not seek to turn back the pages of history nor to trace the effects through the ages of a cause so sacred, yet remote by two thousand years. Rather it would piece out the living influence of a divine force working today in our midst. It would point to Christ opening heaven for us today, Christ atoning today for our sins, Christ making Himself a Sacrificial Victim that Americans and Europeans and Asiatics of our day, and Russians, too, might accept the power of His grace.

This divine force radiates every day from every Catholic church throughout

the world, every time a priest, the representative of Jesus Christ, celebrates Holy Mass. For, as a matter of fact, Christ's death upon Calvary's hill not only transcends all other human happenings in its sheer weight of influence and in its more than human value; it is also unique in this, that it has not lost its force with the passing of the historic moment in which it occurred.

We may never say of Christ that He was. Rather, we repeat with St. Paul: "Christ is ever living to make intercession for us." When the priest, in the person of Christ, takes bread, blesses it, and says: "This is My Body," and then over the chalice of wine: "This is the chalice of My Blood which is shed for many unto the remission of sins," at that moment, time stands still. It is no new moment of history; no new action in man's worship of God. By God's power, it is but the same life-giving act that was performed two thousand years ago: the deliberate sacrifice Christ made of His body and blood upon the Cross. It is the one moment of time that shares in the unfading timelessness of eternity. It is an act of a shadowless, ever-present now.

Just how this takes place is a subject of discussion for the theologian. We need not go into the subtle explanations that are offered. All we need know is that, in our morning Mass, the greatest, the one divine action of human history is again present before our eyes. When



The "body which is being given"

Jesus bowed His head upon His Cross and gave up His spirit, that painful human act of self-surrender was vested with the utmost dignity to which any action can be raised. It was an utterly innocent, completely loving, truly divine accomplishment. By that one act, Christ forced open the gates of heaven, flooded the world with a new life-giving power, and attracted irresistibly and forever the compassionate attention of an offended God.

But if God could suffer once and die, surely He can gather up all that is precious in that death and pour it into the chalice of benediction which we offer up to Him. The Mass has distilled the essence of Calvary, holding it captive for our use, in all its fresh force, with all its human greatness, with all the divine power that once blotted out man's sinful past. All that the Cross was, our Mass is, save only that the Cross was the human accomplishing of the sacrifice.

We may truly say that the Mass, without the Cross, would be but an empty, if beautiful, ritual; but so, too, in God's plan, the Cross, without the Mass, would be but a memory among men. Every time the priest repeats the sacred words of consecration, not only does he call down the body of Christ upon the altar,

VERONICA WIPES JESUS' FACE

by GERARD ROONEY, C.P.

*Each step is marked
With bloody stain,
His sweat is running free;
While panting on,
Through blinding tears
The Light can scarcely see.*

*(Who gazes on
The face of God
With love and tender care;
Will bear away
Within his soul,
God's image printed there.)*

and the blood of Christ into the chalice, but by these words, as by a mystic piercing lance, he once again presents Him to His Father as the Victim whose body and blood were separated for our sins.

Yet we must remember that the Mass does not mean that the Cross is in any way less full of life and grace and power. The Mass does not add to the treasury of salvation, for the Cross remains our only hope. The unbloody Sacrifice of the altar is but the Cross raised aloft in this age, applying to us the rich graces drawn down from heaven on the first Good Friday. Jesus knew human nature. He understood that the weakness and the emptiness in man's heart needed to be enfolded in the visible, tangible presence of the power that saves. When even the most sacred of objects become faded by time, men tend to forget; centuries become barriers forbidding contact with the past.

For that reason, Christ was unwilling to be but a page in the past history of mankind. Creating this miracle of miracles, He rose above the ages and gathered all the power, all the wisdom, all the love, and all the grace of His deed upon the Cross, to fashion this timeless sacrifice of our altars. The generous love for His Father which bowed His head upon the Cross, the obedience which led Him to His sacrifice, the grandeur of heart which made His offering so mighty to save us, the body which was broken, the blood which was shed, all are present before our eyes each time a priest says Mass. We need not envy Mary or John their privileged place beneath the Cross. We witness that same living, saving drama each time we make use of our privilege of assisting at Holy Mass.

BUT if the Mass is Calvary renewed, we should look upon it with all the reverent awe and hopeful confidence with which we look upon the Cross. It is well to kneel before a Crucifix and lovingly meditate upon the Saviour's wounds. But it is better to unite our hearts with His in the living renewal of His sufferings and death upon our altars. It is helpful always to keep before our eyes the image of our Saviour, crucified for love of us. But it is an

action supremely rich in grace to hold our hearts open in attentive faith before the chalice of salvation offered every morning in our churches. It is the sureness of a Christian devotion that cries out: "Hail, O Cross, our only hope!" But it is Christian realism to add the words of Holy Mother Church: "O sacred banquet, in which Christ is received, the memory of His Passion is renewed, the mind is filled with grace, and a pledge of future glory is given to us!" Tender, enlightened devotion to Jesus Christ upon His Cross will lead us, indeed, to an awareness of the greatness of our redemption; but a loving insight into the mystery of Holy Mass insures that we will receive the precious fruits of that redemption.

Yet the fact remains that every Christian soul determines for himself the measure of his share in those life-giving fruits. Just as there were many varied reactions to the first accomplishment of Christ's sacrifice on Calvary, so too there are varied reactions to the renewal of that sacrifice upon our altars. Beneath Christ's Cross, first of all, there was Christ's Mother, Mary. So intimately did she unite herself to His sacrifice that she can claim the title of Co-redemptrix and Mother of all for whom He died. So, too, at Holy Mass, those souls who, in vivid faith, unite their hearts and wills to the Sacrifice of Christ there renewed, most fully share its fruits. Not only do their souls put on the image of their Saviour, but they share in His redemptive work. By their sufferings and their prayers, they help to fill up in their bodies what He has left incomplete in the redemption of men's souls.

Then, there was the pure and loyal John who accompanied his Master in His last trial so faithfully that he deserved to take Christ's place as son to Mary. To him, we may liken the lay apostles of our day who from the inspiration they draw at their morning Mass, generously take Christ's place among the souls so dear to His Sacred Heart, the sick and the poor and the forgotten.

After John, there were on Calvary, two new-found friends of Christ: the

dying thief, Dismas, and the pagan soldier, Longinus. Their reverent gaze upon Jesus Crucified won, for the first, the right to enter heaven, and for the second, the fleeting vision of His divinity. These are the prototypes of that other class of men who come under the influence of the Sacrifice of the altar. How many souls in sin or in unbelief have felt the wounds of their souls suddenly healed by the sweet hidden power in the sacred ritual of the Mass!

But not all the witnesses of Christ's painful death were His chosen friends. There were also the common people, not very wise and not very stable, who had come merely in irreverent curiosity. Yet, of these, many went their way back home striking their breasts in sorrow for their sins, ready to begin a new life obedient to their Saviour. How like to these are that other class of common people who reluctantly assist at Sunday Mass. Not very wise, perhaps, and not very stable in the ways of Christian holiness, yet by God's mercy, they experience, through the Mass, some of the power of Christ's death. Despite themselves, the power and the wisdom of the Cross penetrate, to some extent, their fickle and foolish hearts, and lead them to sorrow for their sins, and to long for the blessing of their God.

FINALLY, as on Calvary's hill, so with the Sacramental Sacrifice, there are enemies of Christ who were the instruments of His sufferings, and for whom He prays in vain. What a sad parallel there is between the proud Pharisees who left the scene of their redemption, unmoved, fixed yet more firmly in the bleak self-centeredness of their proud hearts, and the modern souls who with unheeding, selfish hearts remain unmoved as they witness the sacred drama that would flood their souls with the grace of life.

And yet, the morning Sacrifice remains. As the sun pours out its light and warmth even upon those who cannot see, the Mass continually renews in our modern world the wisdom, and the power, and the love of Jesus Christ Crucified. It is our one ray of hope in these troubled times. Should armies overwhelm us, should the enemy portion up the earth, should our civilization crumble into dust, the Sacrifice of our altars will yet keep alive in this world the tremendous force that has won man's salvation.

As long as men need to be saved from themselves, from sin, and from eternal punishment, the Mass will ever be for us the one great source of light and strength, of wisdom and of holiness. Through the Holy Mass, Jesus Christ is for all ages, the Divine Saviour, bringing men of good will under the influence of His divine, loving Personality.

THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

"The Sign Post" is an information service for our readers. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to "The Sign Post," c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Inquiries should pertain to the faith, practices, and history of the Catholic Church. Inquirers should identify themselves by giving name and address. Anonymous letters will be disregarded. Questions are not answered by private reply. Personal problems of conscience—especially marriage cases—should be referred to one's pastor or confessor.

Sinful Co-operation

What is the status of Catholics who officially witness the marriage of a Catholic before a non-Catholic minister?
G. O'B., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

To begin with, the case under consideration is the attempted marriage of a single Catholic to a divorcee. It is not stated whether the divorced man is a Catholic or not. Assuming that his previous marriage was valid, divorce did not free him for remarriage, and hence on that score the co-operation of Catholics as witnesses to an attempted second marriage would be gravely sinful.

Even though the man were free to marry the Catholic girl, because of the invalidity of his previous marriage, a valid marriage is impossible in a non-Catholic church and before a non-Catholic minister. Only a duly authorized priest has jurisdiction to validate a marriage involving even one Catholic. Furthermore, any such futile attempt at marriage, because of recourse to the minister of a heretical sect, entails excommunication of the Catholic party or parties.

As for the witnesses—over and above their possible guilt, as indicated above—they would sin gravely against their Catholic faith, by taking an active and important part in a heretical religious service. They would incur also the guilt of scandal, by easing the way for the wrongdoing of the principals, by weakening their own faith and perhaps the faith of others in the know as to their disloyalty.

Marital Fraud

Having signed the customary solemn promises, and having obtained a dispensation, a mixed couple were married before the priest. But now the non-Catholic party refuses vehemently to allow their child to be raised as a Catholic. Can the marriage be annulled?—E. K., TRENTON, N. J.

A valid marriage cannot be annulled. A marriage is presumed to be valid, despite incompatibilities which may arise afterward, unless a prenuptial invalidating factor can be proved. Incompatibilities between husband and wife may add up to ample reason for separation. But grounds for separation do not argue the existence—at the time of marriage—of a defect in mutual consent, or of a defect of dispensation.

Unquestionably, a mixed marriage without benefit of dispensation would have been out of the question. Nor would the essential dispensation have been granted by the Church, had there been serious reason to doubt the sincerity of either signatory of the promises. If the non-Catholic party be suspected now of having obtained the dispensation under false pretenses, the fraudulent intention must be proved to have existed then—when on the verge of and prior to the marriage. Otherwise, the integrity of the marriage bond would be wide open to easy dissolution. Hence, the same conservative challenge is insisted upon, both in thoroughly Catholic and in mixed marriages, when one of the married partners persists in a policy of unnatural birth control.

An interesting annulment case was reported by *Religious News Service*, in the *Tablet* of Brooklyn, under date of December 5, 1950. Because of a Baptist husband's insistence upon unnatural birth control, repugnant to the religious principles of his Roman Catholic wife, an Episcopal judge ruled that the husband violated his premarital pledge and had contracted marriage under fraud. On the basis of his interpretation of District of Columbia law, the judge issued—not a decree of divorce, whereby an existent marriage would have been civilly dissolved—but a decree of nullity, whereby the marriage was declared to have been nonexistent. Whether the element of fraud was proved on the grounds of prenuptial testimony, or presumed on the basis of postmarital conduct, was not reported.

Apropos of the question submitted, the Church recognizes as sufficient reason for separation the infidelity of a non-Catholic spouse to the prenuptial promises as to the Catholic upbringing of offspring. However, separation implies neither a dissolution of the marriage bond nor a declaration of nullity. All such cases must be submitted to diocesan authorities, for investigation and decision, above all when the plaintiff wishes to apply for a civil divorce. (*Divorce Procedure: "Sign Post," June, 1950*)

In this particular case, it would seem advisable that the Catholic party bide his or her time. The conscience of the non-Catholic party may change for the better. Death may intervene. In the meantime, the Catholic parent is entitled to arrange, secretly, for the baptism of the child. To hope for a declaration of nullity might be futile; to apply for a decree of separation, here and now, might be precipitate and prove to be unnecessarily tragic.

Peter vs. Paul

May I air a pet peeve? Why is Peter an overlooked saint? Why is St. Paul the dominant figure, in the liturgy, in sermon quotations, etc?—L. B., BROOKLINE, MASS.

It is characteristically Catholic to accord more prominence to St. Peter than, at first thought, may seem to be the case. Aside from the joint feast day of Saints Peter and Paul, on June 29, there are other red-letter days when the Mass and

Divine Office are dedicated to the first Vicar of Christ, such as the feast of The Chair of St. Peter, Apostle of Rome, on January 18, and the feast of St. Peter in Chains, August 1. No feast of the Apostle Paul is ever observed without a commemoration of St. Peter. As for sermon quotations, we must bear in mind that Paul authored much more of the New Testament, as a divinely inspired secretary, than did Peter. In some churches, it is customary to read the Sunday Epistle as well as the Gospel, and in that way St. Peter is heard from more often than he otherwise would be. Indeed, non-Catholic Christians generally are rather distressed that our devotion to St. Peter is so dominant a note of Catholicity, sustained unflinchingly by devotion to the See of Peter and to his successors as the Vicars of Christ. We never did "rob Peter to pay Paul!" While Paul is pre-eminent as a converted enemy of Christ, and as the Apostle of the Gentiles, Peter and he alone is the "rock" upon whom the Saviour of the world built His Church.

Church vs. Science

Recently, our Holy Father made a statement that the Church has no conflict with science. How about the teaching of the Church as to the age of the world?
—N. F., NEWARK, N. J.

There is no official teaching of the Church as to the age of the world. The Church insists only that the world originated as a product of divine creation, that it had a beginning, and that in its entirety it is under the control of Divine Providence. There can be no conflict between revealed truth when infallibly interpreted by the Church and scientific knowledge when cogently presented, for God is the ultimate Author of both religious and scientific truth.

Wishful Thinking

What is your appraisal of the enclosed pamphlet—circulated by an Episcopal church? As for their trend toward imitation of Roman Catholic ceremonial—is it not misleading?—C. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Since 1922, the specious propaganda of the so-called "Father" Hughson has had a wide circulation. It is an obvious piece of wishful thinking; the sophistry of its argumentation is a pathetic example of Anglican diachronic self-defense.

The gist of the booklet's claim: The Roman Catholic Church of today must impale itself on either horn of a dilemma. During a thirty-six-year period, from the time when Henry VIII severed all connection until the accession of Elizabeth, the Church of Rome did nothing to rectify the alleged deterioration of the Church in England. Therefore, either the plight of the Church in England at that time is now falsely alleged, or else Rome was guilty of gross indifference and neglect. How could Rome maintain communion with a church which, subsequently, she claims to have been man-made?

It is a human mystery that any pseudo historian, whether of Anglican or other lineage, can so suppress and distort facts as to hoodwink the readers of eighteen editions! As for any implied Church of England integrity, ample refutation was published in a "Sign Post" reply of June, 1950, under the caption: *Anglican Orders—Real Presence*. We regret that space limitation precludes repetition. The supposed connivance of the Roman Pontiffs with the ecclesiastical mutineers of England, from 1534 until 1570, is reduced to the absurd by even a headline knowledge of church history, including the careers of English and Irish martyrs. The Vicars of Christ as the Shepherds of Christendom do "hasten slowly" in excluding stray sheep from the "one fold" and from the divine influence of the "one Shepherd." "As in all

such cases, deterioration in the Church of England was a gradual process." ("Sign Post"). Despite the Caesarian encroachment of that period, the faithful enjoyed the benefit of Roman Catholic, valid sacraments for many years, and to that extent were not bereft of the sanctifying power of the Church. England repudiated, first of all, the ruling power of Rome; then the teaching power; finally, even the sanctifying power, by the creation of an impotent Anglicanism. The consistent, uncompromising protests of Rome, although futile, were none the less strenuous. Cardinal Newman is only one of a legion of converts who saw Rome impaled on neither horn of an unhistorical dilemma.

From the time when the "branch" theorists first hacked themselves apart from the See of Peter as the parent stem, they have imitated Roman ceremonial. The imitation can be misleading. Anglican churches feature statues, confessionals, a so-called Mass and eucharistic communion service. Only the recitation of an official creed, or a representative sermon might expose the counterfeit. The Anglican Catholic churches, as they are sometimes known, are so "Romish" in their religious mannerisms as to irritate other Protestant sects. Undoubtedly, many Anglicans are in good faith. For example, Ralph Adams Cramm considered himself a thorough Catholic and apparently failed to perceive the incongruity of the severed "branch" theory or the incompetency of Anglican Orders.

Dying Non-Catholic

Am a Catholic nurse, attending a non-Catholic patient. If requested, at the approach of death, to read prayers from a non-Catholic prayerbook, may I do so?—G. P., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

If acceptable to the patient, read the prayers from a Catholic prayerbook. Should the patient have any conscientious objection to that procedure, you could recite from memory, or improvise prayers acceptable to anyone who believes in God, even though the patient be a non-Christian—such as acts of faith and hope, contrition and charity, forgiveness of enemies, resignation, and petition for emergencies of body and soul. Brief prayers, in ejaculation or aspiration form, are easy to remember or to improvise, and would be neither mentally confusing nor physically taxing to the patient.

To say prayers that are generalized, as indicated above, and which do not reflect Catholic belief in its fullness, is not to deny your own faith. Military chaplains, when conducting a general service, may not characterize it as Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish. Not to assist a dying person to pray during his last hours of opportunity, might be gravely sinful. At the same time, co-operation should be balanced in such a way that no individual is imposed upon in connection with his religious convictions.

Bishop's Cross and Ring

Please explain the significance of the cross and ring worn by bishops.—R. M., JAMAICA, N. Y.

The cross worn by bishops and by other prelates of similar rank is known as a pectoral cross, because it rests upon the bosom. It is suspended from the neck by a gold chain and contains a relic of the True Cross. This cross of gold is worn both with church vestments and with civilian attire. At the earliest, its universal use dates back only to about 1600 A. D. Inasmuch as a pectoral cross is a precious reliquary, Pope Leo XIII directed that such crosses be bequeathed by bishops to their successors.

The episcopal ring is symbolic of the seal of faith and of the spiritual union between a bishop and his flock. Worn on the third finger of the right hand, its official use by bishops

dates back to the seventh century. The ring is of gold and is set with a precious stone. It is the exclusive privilege of the Pope to wear a cameo gem. The use of a sapphire is reserved to Cardinals.

Those who devoutly kiss an episcopal ring may gain an indulgence of fifty days, applicable to the souls in Purgatory. This indulgence was granted by Pope Pius X. In kissing an episcopal ring, the proper etiquette is as follows: one should bend the knee in the case of a bishop within his own diocese; before an archbishop within his province; to a cardinal, everywhere; to an apostolic delegate, within the territory of his delegation. In other cases, a profound bow is proper.

The Ring of the Fisherman is used by the Vicar of Christ for the sealing of papal documents. This ring features an engraving of St. Peter fishing from a boat, coupled with the name of his successor—for example—Pius XII—Pont. Max. (Pius the Twelfth, Supreme Pontiff). Upon the death of each Pope, this ring is broken up and a new one cast for the newly elected Pontiff.

To Abet or Not to Abet?

May a Catholic graduate of a Protestant college head a drive for funds for that Protestant institution? If not, why not?—J. E., WESTMINSTER, MD.

It is sad to think of a Roman Catholic as an alumnus of a Protestant college. It is regrettable enough when a Catholic feels constrained to attend a nonsectarian college. But there could hardly be a respectable excuse for attending a denominational institution.

Assuming that the college is under sectarian auspices, the alumnus in question definitely may not head a financial drive for its benefit. An institution in that category represents, characteristically, the endorsement and furtherance of schism and heresy. For that obvious reason, it is unallowable that a Catholic play an active and prominent role in stabilizing the salient purpose for which the college exists, and that by so doing, he incur the additional guilt of scandal.

Mere Legend

Which is the church in Virginia where, legend has it, if an unmarried girl light a candle on a certain day of the year, she will be married before the year is out?—C. M., NEWARK, N. J.

A legend is defined as a nonhistorical or unverifiable story, popularly accepted as reliable. We are unaware of any Catholic church supposedly associated with this legend. Nor could we in conscience publicize information which might beget reliance on so baseless a legend.

Why Pray?

I am beginning to feel fatalistic. If God knows everything beforehand, what's the use of praying?—R. R., UNION CITY, N. J.

Permit us to revise your final word, so as to convey what you really mean—praying by way of petition. A likely flaw in your praying is that it may be unbalanced—you may not be even polite to God. Properly balanced prayer suggests that we think first of God, then of ourselves. Even though all our present needs were filled and our future needs provided for, there would still be reason to pray—by way of adoration and praise, by way of thanksgiving, and to make amends. Fundamental good sense suggests a polite approach to God!

God does, indeed, know everything beforehand—including the benefits you are to receive, plus the conditions you will have fulfilled in order to become entitled thereunto. A normal, to-be-expected condition is that you acknowledge your

needs in the right tone of mind and heart. Your very indigence suggests that you turn to God as the ultimate source of everything worthwhile. The "right tone" includes a sense of humility or dependence, coupled with unbounded confidence. You do not pray in order to notify God as to your needs, but to dispose yourself as a worthy recipient, and to fulfill the condition: "Ask and you shall receive." It is recorded plainly in St. James' Epistle: "You have not because you ask not; you receive not because you ask amiss." (4: 2, 3.) As a reminder to some who "fatalistically" blame God, it is pertinent to add the words of St. John: "If a man be a server of God and doth His will, him He heareth." (9:31)

"Catholic" Real Estate

A non-Catholic friend claims that the Catholic Church is to blame for much of the poverty and hardship in this country. Especially in New York, he says, the Church owns much real estate in the form of apartment houses and exacts exorbitant rentals.—M. D., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

The horror story is unfounded on two counts. The Church is forbidden to engage in commercial enterprises. As for occasional residential property, acquired with a view to the building of diocesan or parochial units, New York rents are "frozen" well below the exorbitant level. Tut-tut!

Antireligious

Cardinal Mindszenty is credited with the following: "He who attacks any religion, attacks all religions." Can you verify the above statement?—M. S., ALBANY, N. Y.

This statement is reported by Bela Fabian in his *Cardinal Mindszenty* as having been made to himself by the then Abbé Mindszenty. Properly understood, in the context of present-day Iron Curtain circumstances, the sense of the challenge would be reducible to the following idea: Since Communists do not attack Judaism merely as Judaism, or Protestant and Catholic Christianity as Protestantism and Catholicity, but attack all religion with an atheistic animus, an attack directed against one religion in particular assails the factor which all religions have more or less in common. That factor is the acknowledgment of God as the sole Supreme Being, to whom we must all be related as to "the rewarder to them that seek Him," and whose Fatherhood is the only compelling basis for a Brotherhood of Man.

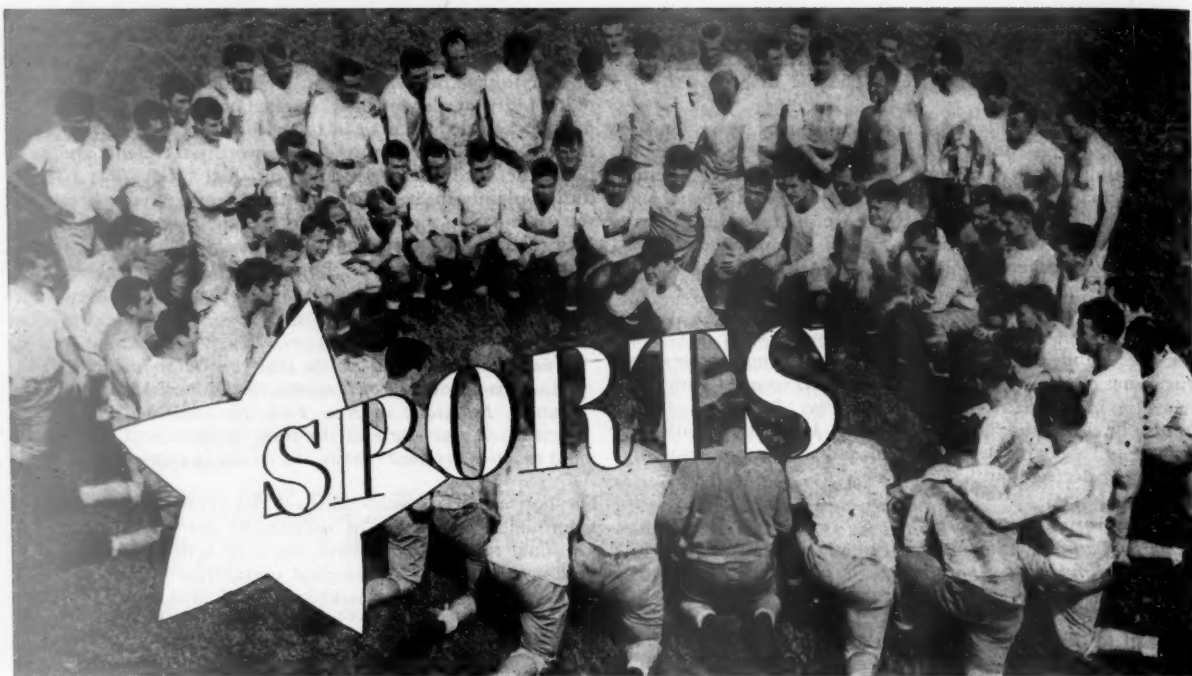
Who Died for Us?

In the one God there are three divine Persons. Since this is so, did the Father and Holy Ghost suffer equally with the Son?—W. MCN., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

No. Both the Incarnation and the redemptive Passion were effected through the wisdom, charity, and efficiency of all three divine Persons, but in such a way that a human nature was united personally—not to Father or Holy Ghost—but to the Son only. Hence, He alone, in His human nature, suffered the Passion unto death.

Please File Your "Sign Post"

Day after day, we receive dozens of inquiries from those who, presumably, are either new readers of the "Sign Post" or who have forgotten what they have read within recent months. Information service to hundreds of inquiries, coupled with space limitation, does not permit repetition. Hence, we recommend that you retain your copies of the "Sign Post" for ready reference. Up-to-date libraries under Catholic auspices have THE SIGN on file.



Frank Leahy and team at Spring practice—a poor year for the win-crazy

by **DON DUNPHY**

Flop of the Year?

As you must have noticed toward the year's end, the sports pages were flooded with all sorts of polls nominating this one as the outstanding athlete of this sport and such and such a team as the greatest etc., etc. These polls are all well and good and probably serve some purpose when they are on the constructive side. However, it's a pity that the experts who vote in these tabulations, and the news services that conduct them, can't keep them from getting out of hand and spilling all over.

One such poll which really reaches the heights of absurdity and a new low in taste is a thing called, "The college football team voted the 'flop' of the year." This indignity went to Notre Dame as the flop of the 1950 football season.

Now, I hold no brief for Notre Dame, and certainly no apologies are needed for the grand institution at South Bend which has done so much for American sports and, what is more important, for American education. I didn't go to Notre Dame, and I'm not one of the famed "Subway Alumni" which are legion throughout the country. There are times when I root for N. D. and times when I don't. I saw no cause for alarm when the Irish dropped a few football games this season. As a matter of fact, I thought the defeats would do them a lot of good. After all, ceaseless winning is not always desirable in sports. Defeat now

and then is good, whether suffered by an individual or a football team. It makes you appreciate victory.

So I hope you gather that I'm not writing this because Notre Dame received the aforementioned doubtful honor. I would feel the same way if a non-Catholic or nonsectarian institution were so voted. I believe that there is no place in the American sports scene for any college team to be voted a flop. The kids of any team are out on the field doing their best and trying their darnedest for their alma mater, and if they are beaten in fair competition by a better team and even if they lose all their games, that doesn't make them a flop.

Furthermore, in trying to be logical about this, let me state that a team becomes a flop (if I may dwell on the ugly word) because it doesn't live up to the standard expected of it by the sports experts. In other words, the experts picked Notre Dame to be the outstanding team of 1950, and when the Irish weren't capable of living up to this status, the experts turned around and voted them the other "accolade." Which, they tell me, is a "*post hoc ergo propter hoc*." Which, when boiled down, means something that happens before is caused by something that happens later. To make it clearer, the sports boys overestimated Notre Dame in the beginning and chose not to believe coach Frank Leahy when he said at the start of the season that the Irish would lose a few.

Before we leave the subject, may I make my own personal nomination for the flops of 1950. I'd like to nominate the sports experts. They're the ones who really flopped. Look at the record. They picked Notre Dame to be the best football team. Wrong. They picked Boston to win the American League pennant. Wrong. They picked Brooklyn to win the National League pennant. Wrong. They picked Joe Louis to beat Ezzard Charles. Wrong. They picked Army's football team to beat Navy. Wrong again. 'Nuf said.

Honey Russell

Gradually working his way to the top of the class of basketball coaches in the country is John "Honey" Russell, popular coach of Seton Hall of South Orange, New Jersey. Now in his ninth and what may prove to be his most successful campaign at Seton Hall, the genial mentor is directly connected with the Pirates' greatest court triumphs. In his eight previous seasons with the Setonians, Russell guided them to 110 victories while losing only 46 games.

The 1950-51 campaign marks the second for the coach since his return to South Orange after a four-year lapse. During this span of absence from Seton Hall, Russell coached at Manhattan College and later for the Boston Celtics of the professional league.

Returning to Jersey last year, Russell was forced to experiment, with the re-



Basketball Coach John Russell of Seton Hall



Frank J. Berst, weight-thrower from Manhattan

sult that his boys managed to win only 11 of 26 games, but the experience they gained is paying dividends this season.

It was in his first tenure, which lasted seven years, that Russell steered the Buccaneers to some of their greatest triumphs. The first three years were spent building a foundation for the second longest winning streak in collegiate annals.

After dropping 10 out of 15 games in his first season, Russell pulled Seton Hall over the five-hundred mark in 1938 when the Pirates won 10 and lost 8. Then followed a 15-7 campaign. After that, Seton Hall basketball really went to town. With Big Ed Sadowski, later a great professional star, in the leading role, the 1939-40 season saw Seton Hall sweep to 19 straight victories, a school mark which still stands.

That season, Russell unveiled a band of young sophomores who were later to receive national prominence. The following year, this group formed the nucleus of a really great basketball team. Bob Davies, current captain of the Rochester Royals, led that team as it swept to another spotless campaign of 19 wins. These two unbeaten seasons, together with 4 victories registered at the end of the '38-39 season, gave the college a mark of 42 straight.

As a result, Seton Hall received a bid to the National Invitation Tournament at Madison Square Garden in New York. The Bucs defeated Rhode Island State 70-54, but the roof fell in the semifinal round when a stellar Long Island University team ended the Pirate

streak at 43. As we go to press, Seton Hall is unbeaten and rolling again. It may be the start of another fine streak, though it is unlikely that the Pirates can go unbeaten through a murderous schedule that includes such court powers as Long Island U., Georgetown, Syracuse, St. Bonaventure, Siena, and Villanova, to name but a few.

Incidentally, the Seton Hall gymnasium, completed in 1940, is one of the most modern sports arenas in the country. The gym proper seats 3400 spectators under normal conditions, half that number in the permanent balconies which stretch around three sides of the court, and the other half on retractable bleacher seats which fold into the side walls when not in use.

The basketball court area is 94 by 50 feet, close to the maximum regulation, and glass backboards provide all seats with an unobstructed view. Very progressive in the matter of public relations, the gym has complete facilities for press, radio, and television. Seton Hall University was the first college in the East to televise basketball games from the campus.

The Big "Whale"

One of our top track and field athletes whom we thought you might like to know a little more about is Frank J. Berst, former Manhattan College star who has been competing for the New York Athletic Club since 1938. One of the biggest of athletes, Frank is another in a long line of "whales" who have competed for the Winged Foot

organization. His weight is somewhat in the neighborhood of 250 pounds, and, as you may have guessed, his forte is the 56-lb. weight throw. So well does he heave the big iron gadget that on August 3, 1947, he set a new American record for the event when he threw it 41 feet, 6 inches.

The official *Track and Field Handbook* tells us that Frank Berst was the Senior National Outdoor champion in his specialty in 1941-2-3-4-6 and 7. Frank also throws the hammer and the 35-pound weight.

Last summer, Frank was the highlight of Toronto's 68th Annual Police Field Day, when he broke a 25-year-old Canadian record with all three of his tosses with the 56-pound weight. The fabulous Matt McGrath held the previous mark of 37 feet and 5 and $\frac{5}{8}$ inches, established in 1925. Frank's throws were respectively 38'8", 40'2", and 41'. He just missed the Canadian record of 159 feet in the 16-pound hammer throw by only 2 feet.

As one may well imagine, Frank is a tremendous eater and along with two other famous "whales," Henry Dreyer and Irving "Tiny" Folswartshny, poses quite a problem to the chef at the N.Y.A.C. during the track season.

Frank Berst was born in Buffalo, N. Y., on New Year's Day, 1914. He is now in the insurance business and is very prominent in Catholic Action.

He received a gold ring and was honored as one of N.Y.A.C.'s National Champions at the club's recent All-Sports dinner.



1946—The last band of American Passionist Missionaries that was able to enter the mission of Hunan, China, before the descent of the "bamboo curtain"

China Yesteryears

★ A Missionary's life is indeed the life of a soldier. The battle for souls relentlessly is carried on. Powers of evil forever oppose the valiant warriors for God. The historical drama of the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, is proof that the harvesting of Christ's vineyard



Bishop O'Gara, C.P., and Father Rupert, C.P., bring smiles to the boys in a few moments of relaxation



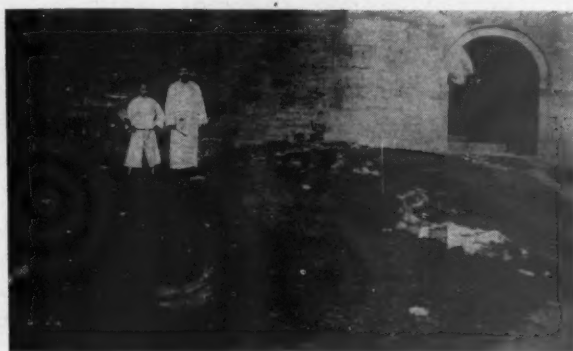
For years Boys' Town in Hunan has unfailingly and properly cradled staunch defenders of Catholicism



Cruel famine brought forth Christlike charity



Violent death cut down Passionist Missionaries



Bandits pay for lawlessness by sudden execution



Disastrous floods inundated mission properties

is hampered always by the evil works of Satan. Famines, floods, bandits, disease, even violent death—these are grim realities spread on the pages of progress in the unceasing struggle for God's honor and glory, and for souls.

Today, as never before, godlessness assails

Christ and Christianity. Yet, the battle for souls goes on. Conversions, baptisms, return to the Sacraments, holy lives—rewards copiously harvested by the self-sacrificing lives of Christ's crusading Priests and Sisters.

Pray faithfully for these soldiers of God.



Sisters of Charity from Convent Station were among the early pioneers in Hunan with the Passionists



Sisters of St. Joseph, Baden, Pa., also gave of their ranks to work for souls in this pagan land



"I'm ready now, Moms," I called, applying a final touch of lipstick

INTENSE living and intense dying at the same instant is the way the outset of my adventure has been aptly described, but I did not know that at the time, nor would it have made any difference if I had. Youth loves a challenge, and this was it. But the one problem which presented itself persistently was how to tell my parents.

I considered it briefly during the warm, lazy September days, with their unforgettable blue and gold haze of Indian summer, on long drives through the country, or out on the golf course where it was certainly no help in keeping either the score or the balls within bounds. I considered it at greater length in the most exciting places, for instance, between halves in the football games and during the college dances which followed. It was a tantalizing problem which intruded itself even more when winter set in and I took my sled and joined the coasters. Daddy often came along, for he loved coasting, too. It would have been easy to tell him then, when we were skimming down the long,

steep hill with the snow flying in our faces, or when we were trudging back up again, bucking a sharp north wind. But somehow the words wouldn't come. They were too abrupt, too explosive. The subject of my future would have to be introduced casually and the way prepared gently for what I had to say. Some evening at dinner, or when we were all sitting around the big fireplace afterward toasting marshmallows, or playing bridge, or piecing the huge jigsaw puzzle together. But how should I start?

The abrupt statement: "I'm going to be a lion tamer!" would certainly be no less shattering than the six simple words I could not bring myself to say—"I want to be a nun." I wasn't pious. I wasn't quiet. I wasn't anything, surely, which might even remotely have prepared them for so startling a disclosure. I had mentioned it to no one. In fact, until recently, I myself had never considered it as a possibility. Nothing, indeed, was farther from my mind when I went to convent boarding school five years be-

fore, and even when I was graduated. Yet here I was, ready to cut all moorings and embark on unknown adventure with a certainty which drove me relentlessly even now.

What had happened? How does one suddenly and unaccountably fall in love—with God? I had. And like a flourish of trumpets the certainty that I belonged to Him reached the inmost recesses of the crimson citadel which He had unexpectedly stormed, and which had surrendered to Him unreservedly. Being what is quaintly called "in love" is a magic experience in the supernatural order as well as in the natural, and in both self fades from the picture. Life has a new and radiant focus—the pleasure, the happiness, and the interests of the beloved. True love will stop short of nothing less than absolute surrender, and consecration—or being a nun—is the soul's way of saying yes to God.

But I might just as well have spared myself all the puzzling I did over the problem of breaking the news, for things were settled for me on a day



HIGH *Adventure*

by SISTER M. PHILIP

In a life of surrender, her soul said yes
to its Beloved. And, though there were moments of
pain, the rewards were sweet indeed

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. MAZOUJIAN

and in a way which, in spite of all my preparedness, took me by surprise.

Christmas was only a few days distant, and the fat holly wreaths stared blankly at the frosted windows and listened unmoved to a north wind driving the fine snow against the panes. The fat holly wreaths, having reaching the comfortably ornamental age, were smug and complacent. Furthermore, they belonged to that delightful world where huge hickory logs crackled on the hearth and the delicious tantalizing certainty of Christmas cookies now baking and filling the house with their cinnamon fragrance prophesied delicious holiday snacks. But there was, as usual, some last-minute shopping to be done.

"I'm ready now, Moms," I called, giving my hat a twist and applying a final touch of lipstick. "Where are you?"

"I'm out here in the kitchen with Mrs. Reed," she answered. "How about a cookie before you go?"

"Ummmm!" I sighed, as I nibbled at one and slipped two more into my coat pocket. "That's always the trouble

with a taste. It makes one want a whole meal of them."

Mom laughed as she wiped the flour from her hands. "Well, I don't know, but somehow they always manage to disappear one way or another. I'll be right back, Mrs. Reed. Be sure to follow the recipe exactly."

"But I always do," assured Mrs. Reed in the shrill falsetto with which we were so familiar. "I always follow a recipe exactly, only sometimes I improve on it."

Mom sighed. "That's the reason the cookies crumble," she remarked on the way out. "She acts on the principle that if one cup of butter is good, a cup and a half is much better. But she doesn't think equally commendable things of all the other ingredients. Otherwise she's really a treasure."

"Poor Mom!" I laughed. "Do you want anything downtown?"

"Why, yes. Wait till I get my purse. See if you can pick up a few more Christmas cards."

"Anything special?"

"No, just something gay. You know the type of thing. And, by the way, you'll have to pick up your own gift from your father and me too. Here it is—Christmas only three days off, and you still haven't said what you want."

"But, Mom, I really don't . . ."

"Not another word! I'm really in earnest, dear. Don't come back here tonight without your gift."

Where would I go? The only thing I wanted was—I had to say it. I took a big breath. "Well, there's one thing I want more than anything else in the world." I paused, but only for a second. Now that I had started, I had to go on: "I want to leave in February to be a nun."

It was the first time I had ever seen my mother at a loss for words. "You're fooling—you don't really mean . . ." I knew what she was thinking. Pious, prayerful girls, yes. But this impetuous whirlwind?

"But I'm not fooling, Mom. It's the truth." My cheeks were burning and my hands icy.

Mom's eyes were misty. "If I had ever had the slightest idea of such a thing," she said, "but it's all so sudden. Have you said anything to your father yet?"

I groaned. "I just can't tell Daddy. You'll have to. You don't feel too bad about it, do you?"

"No, dear, of course not," she said, drying her eyes. "It's just that I had no warning."

I leaned over and kissed her. "Poor Mom," I whispered. "I'm afraid the cookies aren't the only things that are in crumbles." Then we both laughed.

I kissed her again and then sped down the snowy steps to hail an approaching bus. I had told. The secret was out. Now I could go.

Daddy didn't say much when Mom told him after Christmas, and I couldn't say anything. It was hard on both of us. This was the end, then, of the coasting together, and the golf, and the outings. But it was not the end of a love that defied time and space. And it was not the end, but merely the beginning, of the amazement with which the report of my resolve was greeted. And all the disbelief, the regret, or the congratulations had the same overtone: "But we thought you loved life!"

I did. Couldn't they see that was why I wanted to become a nun, because I loved life, and people, and happiness?

Because I could come closer to the great heart of humanity than in any other?

The anguish of the approaching departure and the rapture of a dream's fulfillment mingled during those days of packing and leave-taking. The trunk was new and shiny, and so was everything in it, new and shiny and strange. Flat black brogues, thick cotton hose, large white handkerchiefs, and yards of serge—all had an element of unreality. And the things I had always known—they were the reality. But were they? The stuff of my dreams had a reality and a power which all else lacked, a power strong enough to take me from the things that were near and suddenly, swiftly, very dear.

There would be no more lying awake on warm nights, listening to the distant calliopes on the river packets which floated lazily down the Mississippi. No more visits to the rambling old monastery where the aged guestmaster, Brother Timothy, showed us the kitchens where the long loaves of golden-crust bread lay cooling on the spotless tables and walked with us through the monastery gardens where the flaming dahlias were as large as pie tins. No more long rides after supper through valleys cool with the evening mist rising from nearby creeks and heavy with the scent of clover. These were all included in the coin of payment for a dream with limitless horizons bounded by the four walls of a convent.

THEN one day I was actually there. Now, if you have ever been at Saint Mary's in a spring heavy with the scent of locust blossoms and plaintive with the cry of mourning doves, or in early summer when the lilies nod in stately rows and long, green shadows reach cool fingers across the grass, you will carry away forever the memory of its loveliness. Or if you have seen it in October when a riot of maple leaves like dancing gypsies mingles with the dull blue haze of bonfires, you will say nothing could be more beautiful. But what of a winter when the icicles drip from the eaves like white frosting from a cake and a lonely wind cries around the cornices in a whirl of snow?

Saint Mary's! I drew my breath in sharply at the beauty of it all. As the cab turned up the long avenue, the snow was heaped on either side. Tall sycamores and hemlocks sighed and moaned as an icy wind tore through their branches, and a heavy gray sky gave promise of another blizzard. Before the imposing white portals of the novitiate the cab drew to a stop, and, as the door bell sounded in the distance and its echoes died away in silence, I was standing again, with my hand tightly clasped in the hand of my father, listening to



The white veil was at length replaced by a black veil

the monastery bell and waiting for old Brother Timothy. Maybe the novitiate was all a dream and I would wake up and find—But just then the door opened, and I entered.

The spike heels of my slippers beat a sharp tattoo on the bare floor as I followed the portress to the parlor where, a moment later, I was greeted by the mistress of novices.

"So here you are, violets and all," she laughed, glancing at the corsage Mom and Dad had given me as I left. "Your postulant dress is all ready for you. You'd like to make a little visit to the chapel, I know, so I'll have one of the novices show you where to go."

From nowhere a little white-veiled novice appeared and took my bag, and with heels still clicking noisily I accompanied the nun who walked with soundless steps down the long, silent halls. Everything looked so clean and bare, like a lamb that had just been shorn.

"Where are you from?" the little novice whispered.

"Iowa," I answered, and the word echoed down the silent halls. I couldn't help laughing. "I never knew I talked so loud."

The nun was reassuring. "You really don't. It's just that it's so quiet here."

The chapel door opened noiselessly, too. It was all part of the silence that was heaped about the novitiate like snow. Outside a snowy landscape stretched away into the deepening dusk, and kneeling before the small, white altar I felt suddenly lost in drifts of white.

At home about this time they would be getting ready for supper. Daddy would be tuning in on the news amid the general chatter about coasting and skiing prospects. About this time—but somewhere a bell rang. The nun be-

side me rose from her knees, and I followed.

As we reached the door, we met the novices coming in to the chapel, and I looked at them half-enviously. They were beautiful, I thought, with their snowy white veils and white collars and the white peace in their faces.

The little novice with my bag was already halfway upstairs, and I followed her to a large room with white-curtained beds lined along the walls. I thought again of snowdrifts and of peace. My bed and chair and stand were much like the ones I had when I had first come to Saint Mary's. There was a window, too, which looked out on a white world where a north wind sobbed and moaned about the buildings. In the distance I could hear the white-veiled novices chanting the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, and a deepening awareness grew within me. I was here. I was really here!

Within the next few days, other girls came, too, from all parts of the country, until there were forty-five of us. Forty-five of us who had come together here for the same reason, I suppose, that boys join the marines or the air force—to be in the front line of action. We could have gone to any one of numerous other orders, for the Church is democratic, not only in the mingling of saint and sinner and rich and poor in her places of worship but also in the variety of her religious orders. But we had instead, joined one of the great teaching orders consecrated to the attainment of personal sanctity and the salvation of others through the instruction of youth. Ours was to be the heroism of the humdrum and the privilege of sharing with the young and understanding, the inspiration, and the idealism of these gracious women who, though demurely robed in black and

white still wore the heart-shaped collar and fluted cap, the festive costume of Breton peasants.

The days passed swiftly as prayers, classes, study, and recreation succeeded one another with mathematical precision. I was familiar with the bells from boarding school days, but the rigid boundaries of the novitiate presented obstacles. I fairly ached to walk down to the gate or along the path on the riverbank.

"Sometimes I feel just like a lion pacing back and forth in a cage," I confided to one of my old teachers who had come over to see me, and we both had a good laugh.

And then, almost before I knew it, the six months of probation were over. For a brief hour or so I was dressed as a bride, and then as a real nun, white veil and all.

Sometimes life was so gay and splendid that my spirit was soaring and my heart drenched with song. But there were other times, too. Times when the pendulum swung just as far in the opposite direction. Gethsemani was not always a garden. I had learned that much. It might be a railroad station with its pitiless glare and incessant clamor. Or it might be a dining room when the flickering candles on a birthday cake suddenly became lost in a golden blur. With a sharp thrust of pain, I recalled the loved faces I had watched through a mist of tears as I left for Saint Mary's. Gallantry was a family code, so we smiled and waved until the train and the station were both little dots on a vast horizon. One must pay for happiness, and the greater the happiness, the higher the price.

Often I recalled what Brother Timothy had said when I told him I was coming: "Religious life affects individuals differently," he remarked. "As soon as they enter, some become very solemn. They thrust their hands in their sleeves and go about with a perpetually worried expression. Such as these we call and ask, 'Is it then in the rule that you should go about the house of God with a worried look and with your hands in your sleeves and your back bent as though you are carrying the burden of the world?' And when they say no, we tell them: 'Such, then, is not the will of God for you. Leave the cares to Him.'"

MEANWHILE, days followed each other with breathless swiftness. The white veil was at length replaced by a black veil, and winter gave place to summer. I had been a Sister for over two years when another great day, the day of Obediences, dawned. The Indiana morning was warm and bright. The sung Mass was just over, and the air in the chapel was sweet with a mingling

of incense and roses. From the crucifix above the altar, where a pale Christ hung with livid wounds in hands and feet and side, my glance traveled to the statue of Our Lady, so young, so eager, and so intent upon the glory of God.

"Blessed Mother," I whispered, "I'm so happy here at St. Mary's. Let me always be like this. Let me . . ."

But the Superior's little rap had already sounded on the back bench, and the Sisters were filing from the chapel to the community room for the annual distribution of obediences. This solemn distribution of appointments gave the day a military aspect. There was the usual stir of excitement, then a sudden silence, a prayer, and the reading of obediences. The houses were called in order of seniority, and after each was called the name of each Sister who was to be stationed there for the coming year. There was a strange little tugging at my heart as I listened for the first time. What, I thought, if I wouldn't be

AS OTHERS SEE US

• "Americans are so busy making money they don't know how to be happy."

—ORVAR PRAATEN
(Norwegian student)

• "American women are as perfect as statues and just as cold. They have no individuality, no charm, no brains."

—LILLI (French designer)

here at St. Mary's? Where would I be? A shadow had fallen across the morning—a shadow strangely like a cross.

The reading continued, and nuns young and old alike advanced to take from the hand of the Mother Superior the little white slip of paper on which was typed the will of God for them.

Suddenly I heard my name. In my preoccupation I had not even heard the name of the house for which I was called. And it was not until I was back at my place that the black letters stopped dancing, and stood straight and stiff along lines which sent me to another Saint Mary's—a thousand miles away. Before me lay the vast regions of the unexplored and the unknown. Doubts and questions crowded in upon me. When was I to leave? What was I to teach? When was I to be ready? Who was my superior? With whom was I traveling?

Even now my place in the dormitory, the refectory, and the community room belong to someone else. Soon everything about me, even the crucifix above the altar where a pale Christ looked down with compassionate eyes, would be but a memory. I did not belong here any more. The cross was no longer a shadow. It was the hilt of a sword which had struck with swift suddenness, mak-

ing me, in one brief moment, an alien in a strange land.

But it was not for long. Virginia or Indiana, California or Utah—the pattern is always the same—a mingling of laughter and tears, hopes and heartaches, until one is really a part of the beauty and adventure of familiar horizons. But never has the pattern included what is commonly called "the monotony of the cloister," which is a conspicuous omission in the general scheme.

I REMEMBER wondering when April came with its familiar ache, half-pain and half-delight, if it were spring, or nostalgia. Or if they were synonymous, like beauty and God. Somewhere wind-flowers and columbine mingled with the keen scent of new rain and fresh black earth, and somewhere a little girl forever hunted violets and trillium. If only she would stay out on the hillside where I had left her a few years before. There was no time for such things on Monday morning.

I glanced at my habit, my beads, my broad, black brogues. Yes, I looked like a nun, but was I, really? The thought was a troubling one. Was there even one student to whom I gave something positive? I wondered as I looked about me. The classroom was crowded, and characteristic odors of ink, paper, and lipstick mingled with an occasional whiff of hamburger and hot dogs from the school cafeteria. A warm breeze lazily flapped a loose shade and stirred ever so slightly the stack of homework awaiting the red pencil.

There was an unusual restlessness, an air of suppressed excitement, in the room. For a moment I was puzzled, and then I remembered the junior prom. What a way to start the week! At this rate everyone would be worn out before Friday evening. Seventeen boys and twenty-five girls all about the same age, all in the same class, and all my children. I was to be envied. And my forty-one this year were just part of the hundredfold. The hundredfold! Children, cars, friends. Any one of a hundred persons, anywhere from the red-headed intern at the county hospital to the lady to whom all nuns are "just too sweet" and whose aunt's cousin has a sister in a convent in North Dakota, might give me a ride downtown. And my circle of acquaintances was unlimited. Color and creed were no barrier. Black, brown, white, and yellow alike smiled and spoke.

But the hundredfold answer to prayer was the most startling of all, like the time I had prayed for flowers—any kind—to take to the hospital after school. And suddenly there was a rap at the door, and the sister sacristan whispered,

(Continued on page 75)

Books

THE HINGE OF FATE

By Winston S. Churchill. 1000 pages.
Houghton Mifflin Company. \$6.00

With wars and rumors of wars so close to us again in 1951, this saga of another war seems as remote as a history book. And yet, only a few years have gone since those first six months of 1942 when it seemed that all the world was to fall to the combined German and Japanese assault. The American Pacific fleet was crippled. U-boats roamed the Atlantic at will, sending countless men and cargos to the ocean's floor. The Russian lines sagged ever eastward. Tobruk fell, and Rommel was rushing toward Egypt.

Then the hinge of fate turned. Before a year had passed, the Germans had been whipped at Stalingrad. The United States had invaded North Africa. The Japanese had been blasted from Guadalcanal and had tasted defeat at Midway and in the Coral Sea. Plans were being laid for the invasion of Italy and for a second front in France. And here this fourth volume of Churchill's story of World War II ends.

Largely documentary, Churchill is not one to let a clutter of documents obscure his style or his tact, his own pivotal position or his preponderant ego. His relationship with Roosevelt, that other man of destiny, gradually grows more clear as these volumes are produced, but one still would like to know just what his real thoughts of Roosevelt were. That he thought Roosevelt was wrong on many major points is clear—for instance, on De Gaulle and the French. But what did he think of Roosevelt himself?

Mr. Churchill is generous, too. Even to Roosevelt in error, to Rommel in defeat, and to the Soviets in victory. And the Churchillian humor verges on the whimsical, even when he is busy setting history straight. An example: "Silly tales have been told of how these Soviet dinners became drinking-bouts. There is no truth whatever in this. The Marshal and his colleagues invariably drank their toasts from tiny glasses, taking only a sip on each occasion. I had been well brought up."

Whether in toasting or in acting the



W. S. Churchill

diplomat, whether in writing with an eye on history or in orating with an eye on votes, Mr. Churchill remains quite incomparable.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

ROMAN COLLAR

By E. Roberts Moore. 251 pages.
The Macmillan Co. \$3.00

Monsignor Moore's roman collar has brought him adventure of a kind not often related in books. His is the simple saga of life in historic St. Peter's rectory, New York City. And he has written it as an answer to those who wonder just what a priest does all day.

In an easy manner, he tells not only how the days are filled but the nights too: the sick calls, the wiles of artful dodgers, the maniacs who drift in from the New York streets and ring the rectory doorbell. Here are humor and pathos and the kind of characters Dickens loved. But Monsignor Moore has a care for their tired souls, making his love run deeper than any novelist's.

Priests are sure to find many of their own experiences echoed in the countless stories told by the author. Here is inspiration for the seminarian. And here, indeed, is an answer for the layman who asks, "Well, what do they do all day?"

JOHN L. MADDEN.

THE FRESH AND OPEN SKY

By Richard Sullivan. 210 pages.
Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00

It is mainly of the little vexations of life and of the flying moments of loneliness and estrangement from one's companions that Richard Sullivan writes in this first collection of his short stories.

Most of the stories have been published in magazines for quondam sophisticates like the *New Yorker*, *Accent*, and *Charm*. But while they are swiftly scissored cut-outs of passing moments in the *New Yorker* style, they are never fallaciously subtle. Mr. Sullivan writes with a brooding warmth and great compassion. The husbands and wives in his stories may feel momentarily apart from each other, annoyed and irritated by a mechanical world that is too much with them, but



R. Sullivan

Mr. Sullivan makes you feel that they will end up not in the divorce courts, but by going to Mass, and probably Communion, together.

The irony in certain of Mr. Sullivan's stories is the greater because of his compassion. His Catholic ethical sense gently helps the reader repudiate dishonesty in "The Old Pal," and as tenderly draws him into the shining circle of intimacy of the two boys in the title story who had thoughts of studying for the priesthood.

It is a happy, happy thing that Mr. Sullivan is an instructor in creative writing at the University of Notre Dame. This collection of his short stories not only shows the clean freshness of his own talent; but the sympathetic warmth with which he enfolds his characters in his writing hands, and his sensitive awareness of human sensibilities, make it seem probable that he is also that rare being, an inspired teacher.

DORAN HURLEY.

NIGHTRUNNERS OF BENGAL

By John Masters. 339 pages.
The Viking Press. \$3.00

For many generations, the vast subcontinent of India exercised a fascination over the minds and talents of the best of Englishmen, who fashioned a great empire out of their trading concessions in that land.



John Masters

Some of the best of English writing has been concerned with India, and many readers would agree that Rudyard Kipling's stories of Kim, of the Bandar-log, of Mulvaney, and most of all, of the *Man Who Would Be King* are among the best that have appeared in this or in any other language. The novelist E. M. Forster wrote a most memorable novel, *The Passage to India*, which has become a modern classic.

In these days the free nations of India and Pakistan have adopted a Western approach to their problems, and both Pakistan and India, by voluntary association, are members of the Commonwealth of Nations. Yet, hanging over all their relations with the British, like a bloody phantom, is the memory of the Mutiny, which is the subject of this novel by John Masters.

The Mutiny is to Indian history what Pontiac's Rebellion is to American history, and this novelist, who was born and raised in India, and who comes from a long line of men who have served India, has succeeded in putting across the pages a convincing picture of that flaming horror. But the novel on the whole is not up to the chapters that deal with the Mutiny. John Masters was a soldier, so that his description of the soldiery in India has an authentic ring,

but his inability to portray women, or men out of uniform, is a considerable handicap.

W. B. READY.

SKORZENY'S SECRET MISSIONS

by Otto Skorzeny.

256 pages.

E. P. Dutton and Co.

\$3.00

Hopefully designed to be a sensational volume such as might have been better written by Ellis Zacharias or E. Phillips Oppenheim, *Skorzeny's Secret Missions* fails lamentably to take advantage of the incidents in the career of the man who was described as "the most dangerous man in Europe."



Otto Skorzeny

A German military engineer in World War II, Otto Skorzeny was invalided out of his original unit, but upon his recovery rose to become a special commando under the direct supervision of the top generals and Adolf Hitler.

Skorzeny kidnaped Mussolini for Hitler, although the former finally died before the guns of Italian partisans. And the author of *Secret Missions* was the man who overthrew the Horthy government in Hungary in time to save certain Army divisions of his own men. He was also a major factor against us in the Battle of the Bulge.

The flaw in the volume is its lack of detail, for in such cases it is the planning and the chase, not the end effect, that sweeps the reader along. The reader will carry away two impressions: one, of the loyalty of such daring men to Adolf Hitler, and secondly, of the chilling thoroughness of the Soviet Secret Police, something that drew the grudging admiration of even Skorzeny. Had action been included in the work, a notable contribution might have been made to the literature of adventure.

JOHN O'CONNOR.

POUND FOOLISH

By Robert Molloy.

307 pages.

J. B. Lippincott Co.

\$3.00

Languid Charleston, together with a branch of the same family that he satirized so effectively in *Pride's Way*, are again the sources of scrutiny in Mr. Molloy's newest comedy of manners.



R. Molloy

As in any good situation comedy, the plot is a minor note. Interest is propelled chiefly by the characters and their exaggerated quirks and prejudices.

Among the city's fiercely patrician and "pound foolish" relics of the Civil War, impeccable Henri Lemay was perhaps the foremost exponent of the old school.

Though through the years he had failed in every enterprise but the art of remaining a gentleman, and was up to his impressive mustaches in debt, still his reputation as Charleston's pillar of integrity survived. For the money he borrowed so conscientiously was never lavished on his personal comfort. It went, usually, to pacify a whim of his niece, Leonie, or to pay wages of an ancient colored cook, whose presence, he insisted, added tone to the kitchen. Preserving a façade of gentility had become an imperative matter of honor, and Henri was willing to pinch pennies on necessities forever, in order to satisfy the Lemay tradition of gracious living. He compromised only once—the day the Board of Aldermen subjected him to the vulgar indignity of condemning his out-house.

Claiming generations of family roots below the Mason-Dixon line, the author is thoroughly grounded in local material. The people about whom he writes, both absurd and a little pathetic in their own conceits, are believable facsimiles of those loyal Southern sons who, even by 1914, had not for a moment conceded to the barbarous "damnyankees."

LOIS SLADE.

THE LEFT HAND OF GOD

By William E. Barrett.

275 pages.

Doubleday & Co., Inc.

\$3.00

Jim Carmody, an American army flier in China, crashes in an inaccessible province and has no alternative but to throw in his lot with a bandit chief, Mieh Yang. To Yang he becomes invaluable



Promoted

► A famous American general was once a guest of honor at a banquet followed by a reception. Among the people who shook his hand was a man whose face was very familiar but whom he couldn't quite place.

"Who are you?" he whispered as he welcomed the guest. The man's face flushed and he quickly answered, "Made your shirts, sir."

"Ah, of course," exclaimed the general. Turning to the receiving committee, he said: "Gentlemen, allow me to present Major Shurtz."

Foreign Service

JESUS IN HIS OWN WORDS

Compiled by Harold Roper, S.J.

Both Catholic and non-Catholic readers who find it difficult to get a complete idea of Christ's teaching, scattered as it is through the four Gospels with many repetitions and obscurities of language, will find this book helpful. It contains all the recorded utterances of Jesus Christ, arranged in their chronological order, with just sufficient commentary to explain the circumstances in which they were uttered and, where necessary, to make their meaning clear. It also shows the plan of the Saviour's ministry and gives a coherent picture of His public life. \$3.25

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both as a fearless and ruthless leader and as a stimulating companion. But to Carmody the life proves both unsavory and unsatisfactory, and he suspects that Yang is reaching a point where, through jealousy of his lieutenant, he might decide to destroy him. How to escape became Carmody's problem.

Presently chance offers a means in the form of a Catholic priest en route to the most isolated of the mountain missions. The priest has been mortally wounded and is brought to Yang's lamastery, where Carmody finds him dying in the custody of a Buddhist priest who had once healed Carmody's wounds. With the tacit approval and encouragement of the Buddhist, Jan Teng, Carmody decides to impersonate the Catholic priest, Father O'Shea, and proceed to the mission in his name.

How, through the sacrilegious observance of the priestly functions, which he discharges for the purely selfless motive of helping the mission and its humble members, Carmody attains a real humility himself and a realization of the Christian claim that love, divorced from sex, is the greatest force in the world, is the part of this story that makes the book memorable.

The end, after Mieh Yang turns up on the trail of his deserting lieutenant, is dramatic and makes good reading. Altogether Mr. Barrett has achieved an eminently enjoyable and, at times, stirring narrative which shows accurate knowledge of the spiritual issues involved and a due reverence for both the priesthood and the Church.

NORAH MEADE CORCORAN.

WINTER WEDDING

By Martha B. Harper.

Longmans, Green & Co.

266 pages.

\$2.50

When her fiancé, Evan Goodfellow, dies fighting with the Union army, Belle Barnhart vows she will never love or marry anyone else. The small town in the Pennsylvania mountains in which she was born and brought up becomes unbearable with crowding memories and she yearns to get away to forget. The opportunity comes with an offer to teach school in Le Claire township in Iowa and to live with relatives not far distant from the school. The trip by train is an adventure in itself—the time being 1865—and once settled in Iowa a new and, for her, an exciting life opens up.

Besides the problems of her school, such as grappling with inadequate supplies and equipment, and charming the school bully into submission, the vow she made fades into oblivion when Will Munson and Sam Orris become rivals for her hand.



M. B. Harper

In this story, as in her *Bittersweet*, Mrs. Harper is writing about her own forebears, and about a locale that she knows as a native. The book is a Family Reading Club selection, with all that the distinction implies. A little sentimental, a little nostalgic perhaps in recapturing bygone modes of behavior, it is full of home folks closely knit in family visits, gossip, prayer meetings, country fairs, square dances, and weddings. The outcome is never in doubt, the formula apparent and transparent from the title on to the end. There are some moments of dramatic portent—the death of Lincoln and a few surface excursions into the Negro question—but they remain merely potentials, backdrops for the romance of Belle Barnhart.

FORTUNATA CALIRI.

THE WAR WITHOUT GRANT

By Robert R. McCormick. 245 pages.

The Bond Wheelwright Co. \$7.50

Evidently the Civil War without Ulysses S. Grant was not a very interesting war, particularly if we must view it through the eyes of Robert R. McCormick. Because this is a book about a stirring, militarily important, complex conflict which need never have been written. It's that weak.

McCormick has added nothing to the volumes of superb military literature which have already been written about every conceivable phase of the war between the states. Instead he has poached on the preserves of other much more distinguished writers.

The Colonel clutters his book with a profusion of unimportant names and details in unimportant skirmishes yet refers too frequently to military operations which read as if they might be interesting. Unfortunately, he never explains the operations, their results, or their effect on the personnel he discusses.

It is well known that Col. McCormick—publisher of the *Chicago Tribune* and owner in part of powerful newspapers in Washington, D. C., and New York City—is one of America's foremost isolationists. It may be that this is the reason for his obsession with our own Civil War. Few foreigners got mixed up in it. So, he may reason, it was a pretty good war. Nobody got killed but Americans. McCormick may have been depressed by that fact, but he need not have let his depression weigh him down through all 245 pages.

The book sells for \$7.50 and, if I were to buy a copy, I would immediately rip out the twenty-two maps and preserve them. Alex Kellstrom's cartography is excellent.

THOMAS BERNARD.



R. McCormick

MAKE LIGHT OF IT

By William C. Williams. 342 pages.

Random House.

\$3.50

This is a collection of fifty-one stories, written since 1909, by a Paterson, N. J., physician who has achieved more than passing notice as a literary artist. Those who will look here for stories in the conventional sense are likely to be disappointed, but it may be a disappointment worth bearing to become acquainted with Dr. Williams' sharp and lively pen.

Dr. Williams has seemingly thrown form and plot to the winds. Instead he recounts episodes, etches vignettes, records conversations, embellishes clinical records, takes a page from his casebook. What emerges is a generous and compassionate account of human beings as they actually breathe, talk, live, work, and die. One sees them in moments of distress and pain, worried by problems of everyday living, in times of happiness and relaxation, in moods of hate and love. The overfastidious reader may be shocked from time to time to see human nature in the raw, as it appears to a sensitive and alert physician; but Dr. Williams is not, in such moments, writing a shocker or being morbid or blasé. Rather, he offers an ungilded lily. It is sometimes scrawny, but never unlovely, for Dr. Williams possesses genuine understanding and perception of his people.

Not all of the stories in this collection, of course, are of top-drawer quality; but the vast majority of them have a freshness and incisiveness (in which the author's keen ear for unadorned talk is a major factor) that enrich our knowledge of our fellow men. Dr. Williams, for all his disregard for story-telling convention, comes out of this book an engrossingly warm and humane raconteur.

ALDEN WHITMAN.

RIVER OF THE SUN

By James Ramsey Ullman. 444 pages.

J. B. Lippincott Co.

\$3.50

This novel is Mr. Ullman's second try. In *The White Tower* a snow-capped mountain was the unattainable goal that dragged five men and a woman away from life's trials and responsibilities. This time another neurotic group of five men and a woman are off to look for a legendary river in Amazonia.

These people represent a rough cross-section of mankind—Allison, a weary veteran of the air corps, the narrator of the story; a dull-witted friar (out without leave of his superiors) bent on converting the natives; a professor, conscience-stricken over betraying his friend; his wife who trails him through the



J. R. Ullman

READY ON ASH WEDNESDAY—

Everybody
calls me
Father



THE GIFTS OF THE HOLY GHOST by John of St. Thomas

This is one of those spiritual classics that never grow old; it was written in the days of Shakespeare, but in Latin. The present translation, by an American Dominican, reads as if it had been written last week. \$3.75

Yes, it looks a bit gay for Lenten reading, but who said Lent had to be gloomy? Goodness knows, we need all the cheerfulness we can get these days, and holy cheerfulness is about the only genuine kind left. The young priest who wrote

EVERYBODY CALLS ME FATHER

prefers to be known as Father X, and nobody who reads his book will fail to see why—It's about his own (very recent) first five years as a priest, and though he has tried to disguise people and incidents somewhat, he (and we) feel sure the disguise wouldn't stand up if he gave his real name . . . And people are so funny, they don't always like to be recognized as quite so funny as they are.

This is an entirely kind book, all the same, and full of a sort of gaiety that will give you a lift right through Lent. \$2.25

ST. PAUL'S GOSPEL

by Msgr. Ronald Knox

Msgr. Knox is at his very best when he is writing on scripture; he is particularly good on St. Paul's epistles—we suspect he must be especially fond of him.

The book starts off with the fascinating question: If we had no Gospels, only St. Paul's writings to go on, how much should we know about Our Lord? \$1.75

These three should hold you till the second week in Lent; then you can start on these:

ROMAN ROAD

by George Lamb

"All roads lead to Rome," as they say, and there seems to be a different one for every convert. George Lamb's road started from the poorest and drabdest of Manchester working-class surroundings: nothing could have seemed less likely than his conversion. But here he is. \$2.25

FOR GOODNESS' SAKE

by William Lawson, S.J.

The author once asked his students whether it had ever occurred to them how attractive goodness is. Politely but firmly they replied "no." This book was written to show why the answer ought to have been "yes." If you feel any doubts on the matter yourself, you need it! \$2.25

WHAT BECOMES OF THE DEAD?

by J. P. Arendzen

Maps of the countries of this world change with alarming rapidity; maps of the next world stay reassuringly the same. This book was first published 20 years ago, but what we know of heaven, hell and purgatory has not changed in that time. Nor have we any more recent information on the fate of the unbaptized, the salvation of unbelievers, the state of all souls before and after the last judgment. Dr. Arendzen is especially good on the fullness and richness of the life of heaven. \$3.50

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If you would like to see more about these books and the others we are publishing this Spring, ask Teresa MacGill to send you the new Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET. This is a twelve-page paper of new and reprinted reviews, news of new books, extracts from books, etc., which we publish every two months or so. It comes free and postpaid.

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THE SIGN PRESS
Union City, N. J.

jungle only to lose him at last and marry Allison; a kind-hearted Negro, hunted for murder; a profligate scamp from the States who sells sewing machines to the natives; and a hard-boiled industrialist.

As this modern "Ship of Fools" sails up the Amazon, the author veers away from describing the scenery to point out the mess that the white man has made of civilization. Christianity? The friar is a good example of its ineffectiveness. To prove it, there is the greed of the industrialist, the trickery of the salesman, the hatred and fear of the Indians for the white man. Personal rights in this Christian world? The Negro scoffs at them. "Yes," he says, "the right to be a nigger in a white man's world."

It would seem that the supposed failure of Christianity to erase sorrow from the world has so overwhelmed Mr. Ullman that he cannot or will not see that as a divine panacea, suffering has been ordained for the purging and sanctification of man's soul.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

MOULDED IN EARTH

By Richard Vaughan.
E. P. Dutton & Co.

256 pages.
\$3.00

Richard Vaughan's first book, *Moulded in Earth*, is the first part of a trilogy to deal with aspects of life in the remote, romantic region of the Welsh Black Mountains.

Not unlike the Hatfields and McCoys of our own Kentucky hills, this story concerns the Peele and Ellis families and their ancient Welsh feud. The chief participants are the older brothers of the respective families. But their hatred for each other is soon matched by the love young Ned Peele feels for Grett Ellis. After secretly courting for a year, they decide to marry, despite the family differences. The feud, of course, is now fed enough to burn itself out with a peaceful ending; only after there is the customary death and grief on both sides, however. Such thinness of story is only expiated by vivid characterizations and a rich background of Welsh customs, superstitions, and fears.

After a somewhat labored beginning, this novel improves rapidly after the halfway mark, though it almost bogs down again near the end. Its style is as simple as the story and as sensitive as its characters. Not bad for a first novel; it shows promise of something much better from Mr. Vaughan.

Moulded in Earth compares favorably with many modern novels, and though it definitely is not for the jaded novel reader, it is an appealing story, warm and human.

GEORGE CEVASCO, JR.



R. Vaughan

RIVERS PARTING

By Shirley Barker.

311 pages.

Crown Publishers, Inc.

\$3.00

Rivers Parting is more of an overstuffed period piece than a historical novel. The author of the entertaining *Peace, My Daughters* this time has neither plot nor characters worthy of her colorful background material on the Great Plague and Great Fire of London and the greater nuisances that the Massachusetts Puritans were to their neighbors. Her style rambles and is too fruity. Worst of all, Miss Barker seems to feel that there is nothing like the roses and raptures of vice, and lots of them, to make a rattling good story.

Her heroes are a father and son, John and Will Scarlock; identical in face, stature, and their taste for shabby young ladies of doubtful parentage. Scarlock père settles down with the right girl comparatively early, but Will's matrimonial involvements are both boring and ridiculous in their complexity.

A chapter on New England college life in the seventeenth century is illuminating. For the rest, let us devoutly hope that Miss Barker, having in *Rivers Parting* indulged her Muse's "Forever Amber" tendencies to excruciating lengths, will return in her future writing to the well-knit, imaginative, dramatic work that made her previous novel so rewarding.

Long wordy passages, coincidences, escapes from the Tower as effortless as Superman's, the shades of Robin Hood and his Merry Men, County Faire, ale-house riots, make up the brew; even Charles II, himself, gets in the act for about two seconds. *Rivers Parting* has all the excesses and clumsiness of a Hollywood supercolossal production, and ends like most of them, not with a bang, but a whimper.

CLORINDA CLARK.

F D R: A Pictorial Biography.

By Stefan Lorant.

160 pages.

Simon & Schuster, Inc.

\$3.95

In most cases, a picture album reveals more about a family than a carefully worded history. That is why this picture biography of one of the most controversial figures in modern times should prove of interest to both friends and enemies of the late F. D. R.

The first part of the book is by far the best. It abounds in amateur photographs of young Franklin and the family. The reader has the impression that he is getting an intimate look at the life and character of the future president. Though later acclaimed as a man of the people, young Franklin Roosevelt lived his early life like any typical wealthy son. He moved in the select company at Hyde Park, and later at Groton and Harvard. In fact the authors tell us that F. D. R. was a lawyer in his twenties before he moved outside the select circle.

Roosevelt's public life from the senate in Albany to President of the United States is dealt with in the latter part. Here, select professional photographs are chosen, and the intimate feeling of the family album is lost.

All the important political actions of Roosevelt are described in roseate fashion, and conferences such as Yalta are duly whitewashed. But these can be overlooked, for by this time, the reader has drawn his own conclusions about the life and character of F. D. R. He knows, despite the author, that Roosevelt's mother, and not his wife, Eleanor, was the great inspiration in his life. He also knows that much of the brilliant political thinking attributed to the late President originated with the mysterious Mr. Howe. The most shocking pages, however, are the last, where F. D. R., a haggard and sick man, runs and actually wins a fourth term.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

DE LA SALLE

By W. J. Battersby. 207 pages.
Longmans, Green & Co., Inc. \$2.50

In 1644, an English visitor to the Sorbonne noted this notation in his diary: "We entered into some of the schools, and in that of divinity we found a grave doctor in his chair, with a multitude of auditors who all write as he dictates, and this they call a Course." Dr. Battersby's attempt is to describe a product of that rigorous system who went forth to do aught but likewise. Since he has dealt with the saint as educator in a previous volume (1949), his particular concern in this work is to observe De La Salle's growth in holiness against the background of his century.

The spiritual begetting of De La Salle's institute was of Sulpician motherhood chiefly, with strains of Benedictine and Jesuit influence. If this seem a hopeless *mélange* of traditions, an adequate refutation is to be found in the soundness of the issue. The Christian Brothers succeeded in resisting Jansenism thoroughly, while giants fell around them. The Jansenist poison had invaded even the palaces of bishops and the monasteries of the Trappists. St. John Baptist therefore forbade his Brothers to stop at religious houses or with strangers. He taught devotion to Mary without reserve, he transmitted the method of mental prayer and the house order of St. Sulpice almost entire.

Dr. Battersby's way is that of scholarship. It portrays the man as accurately as his written remains allow. The picture of a sainted secular priest that emerges is stiff but satisfying.

GERARD S. SLOYAN.

REDEMPTION

By Francis Stuart. 249 pages.
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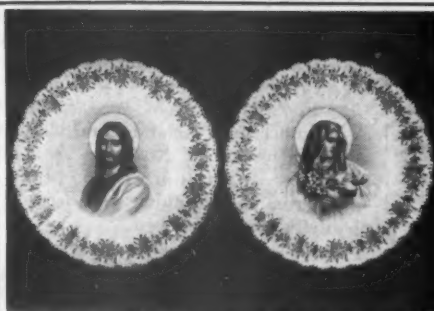
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Most Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P.,
Bishop of Yuanling, China

Dear Members:

A communication from the Passionist Missionaries in China requests the message below be directed to you.

"To our generous friends, Members of the Penny-a-Day Christmas Club for Christ, we extend heartfelt thanks for the thoughtful, never-failing support during our years of trials. Your pennies and your prayers have aided us much more than you think. We shall be mindful of you in our Masses and in our prayers. May God grant you a New Year replete with choicest blessings."

And to this message, dear Members, we the Passionists in America wish to add our sincere thanks and also our promise of remembrance.

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ance of life down to its lowest depths of horror, whether that horror is moral degradation or physical and mental suffering, seems to be the theme of this extraordinary book. Francis Stuart writes beautifully, tenderly, poignantly. He gives pictures of places, people, children that stir the heart and the senses and bring a happy smile to the eyes, and he can also shake the soul and the marrow, and this he does in his account of the man who murders his mistress through sheer disgust—Kavanagh, the fish-dealer.

This is the man who, at the suggestion of the little Irish village priest, Father Mellows, becomes the means by which a group of people find an equation with an early Christian form of life and a happy human association.

"Come!" Father Mellows urges Ezra Arrigo, the mouthpiece of the story, "For my sake and Kavanagh's. Let us try living together and being patient with each other and putting up with each other for a little while."

So they live together forbearingly, the priest, his sister, Ezra Arrigo, Margareta, the crippled refugee friend of his from Germany, and his bitter old Aunt Nuala who is mellowed. In the end, the priest's sister, Romilly, marries Kavanagh before he is arrested and eventually hanged, so that he shall not be alone while awaiting death.

In England this book was acclaimed as magnificent; in Ireland it was banned and then unbanned. Nowhere can it be overlooked. It is full of wisdom, beauty, and terror, and should leave no reader of intelligence untouched.

NORAH MEADE CORCORAN.



What the Doctor Ordered

► In a remote part of County Tyrone, the village nurse was trying to persuade old Mary to take some liquid nourishment.

"Won't you have some beef tea, Mary?" she coaxed.

Mary shook her head. "I couldn't take it."

"Would you like some hot milk?"

"No thank you," replied Mary. "I couldn't take it."

"Well, then, how about a little glass of Irish whiskey?"

The invalid perked up. "Aye," she said. "Make it strong and make me take it."

—Irish Digest

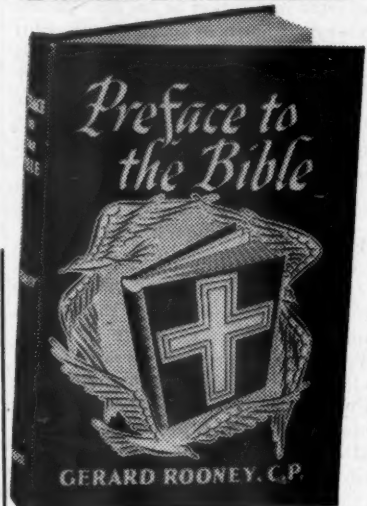
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SHORT NOTICES

PORTRAIT OF ST. GEMMA: A STIG-MATIC. By Sister St. Michael. 248 pages. P. J. Kennedy & Sons. \$2.75. In recording the lives of the saints, hagiographers are often encumbered by the wealth of incident and detail in lives crowded with intense physical activity. Not so in the case of St. Gemma, whose short life was outwardly quite ordinary in contrast to the ceaseless and often violent activity of her interior mystical life.

Very wisely, then, in her portrait of the Italian stigmatic, Sister St. Michael has restricted her function as an author to that of arranging and presenting direct source material, chiefly correspondence between Gemma and her spiritual director, Father Germano, Gemma's autobiography, and ecstatic utterances overheard and recorded by her friend, Cecilia Giannini.

This is no book for the cynic or the unbeliever who looks askance at the phenomena of a life lived on a plane far above ours. But it cannot fail to be profitable for those who would understand a little more of the interior life of a favored soul.

RECRUITING FOR CHRIST. By Godfrey Poage, C.P. 193 pages. Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.00. Addressing himself to priests and religious, the author of this new work unfolds the many possibilities of recruiting supernaturally called young men and women for Christ. After refreshing the reader's memory on the meaning and signs of a vocation, Father Poage indicates where the recruiter will find his material. The most fertile source, he observes, is the home.

The third and by far the largest part of *Recruiting for Christ* is the most practical. It contains valuable suggestions for priests, teachers, and superiors. Not every reader will, however, share the author's views concerning the introduction of modern innovations into convent or monastic life, but almost everyone will agree with him on what he says about the low quality of vocational literature.

This reviewer feels that the author with his expert knowledge in the vocational field could have made his work more valuable still if he had devoted some space to the matter of obstinate and unwarranted opposition to vocations coming from either prejudiced or selfish parents.

MADAME DE CHANTAL. By H. J. Heagney. 285 pages. P. J. Kennedy & Sons. \$3.50. Father Heagney's fictionalized biography of the life of Saint Jeanne Frances de Chantal is divided into three parts, covering distinct phases of her adventurous life.

First we see her as the lovely wife of the clashing Baron de Chantal. This idyllic marriage ended in tragedy when Christophe was killed in a hunting accident.

We see her going, as a young widow, with her four small children, to live with her father-in-law, the profligate old Baron de Chantal.

It was during a visit to her father at Dijon that Madame de Chantal met François de Sales. Already revered as a saint, famous as a director of souls, De Sales recognized in the young noblewoman one called to great sanctity. Together they were to found, under direct inspiration from God, the Order of the Visitation.

While this is a colorful, well-paced ac-

count of the life of the seventeenth-century saint, we do not agree with the publisher's blurb that it excels Father Heagney's *Behold This Heart*.

JEANNE OF FRANCE. By Duc de Levis Mirepoix. Trans. by Charlotte T. Muret. 203 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50.

Translated from the French, this book would seem to be a biography of the recently canonized saint, Jeanne of France, but all the reader gets is a complicated history of fifteenth-century France through which Jeanne moves like a shadow. This deformed daughter of King Louis XI, who hated her, must have been a much more vibrant person (as indeed were all the saints) than the author makes her out to be.

Jeanne had a particularly unhappy life—her youth and marriage were marked by suffering—yet all one learns of her is that she had an inner strength which carried her through. Surely the spiritual development of the saint should have been the core of the biography, and its unfolding would have made a fascinating story. As it is, the book will appeal more to the historically minded than to those looking for inspiration. One hopes a more definitive biography of Jeanne will be written soon.

THE ART OF COURAGEOUS LIVING. By John A. O'Brien. 266 pages. McMullen Books Inc., New York \$2.50. This is a book of know-how. It deals specifically with how to root out unreasonable and unfounded fear, and how to have courage flourish in its place, with the intended result that the reader will have the know-how for successful, happy living at a time when fear in one form or another is a world condition.

Using the latest conclusions of modern science, together with the help of example, Father O'Brien contributes a remedy for this widespread malady throughout the eleven chapters of the book. Besides a preface instructing "How to Read This Book Most Profitably," each chapter has a summary and a rule pointing up the lesson to be learned.

There is no doubt that *The Art of Courageous Living* will fill a need in many lives. And there is no doubt either that the direction at the end of every chapter to reflect on the examples of courage and not to proceed to the next chapter until tomorrow is too, too repetitious, and too, too didactic.

SAINT JOSEPH DAILY MISSAL. Edited by Hugo H. Hoever, S.O.Cist., Ph.D. 1312 pages. Catholic Book Pub. Co. \$3.75 to \$16.00. The *St. Joseph Daily Missal* is a companion piece to the very popular *I Pray the Mass Sunday Missal*. Edited by Father Hoever and published by the Catholic Book Publishing Co., it incorporates the excellent features which its sponsors put into the former smaller work. Among those features are legibility of type with ease and economy of reference. The translation also conforms to the keynote of simplicity, being dignified and easy to understand. The Confraternity text is used for the Epistles and Gospels. The Ordinary of the Mass is located in the center of the Missal and is printed extra large in red and black. There are forty original illustrations in black and white, and ten full-page reproductions in four colors. In a variety of bindings.

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A TRAIL IN THE SKY

(Continued from page 28)

spirit, he had inaugurated the home for unwanted invalids, and here he honestly believed that he had found his vocation at last.

But Cheshire's colossal appetite for work still let him down when he could least be spared. He thanks God now for the long, quiet days of recollection these periods of rest would bring. During one of them, in 1948, he happened to read a little book left by a patient who had died, a Catholic reconciled to God on his deathbed; and Father Vernon Johnson's *One Lord, One Faith* opened Cheshire's eyes for the first time in his life to the unanswerable claims of Catholicism. Undoubtedly he was impressed most of all by the authority of the Church. There was nothing half-hearted or reluctant about her attitude to life and its meaning. Irresistibly he was attracted to a religion which made no bones about the wayward nature of man, and which nevertheless offered abundant supernatural help to all who sought it. Without delay he called on the local priest, received instruction, and eventually became a Catholic.

TODAY Cheshire is serving with the Air Ministry, on secret research work far away from Hampshire, but ready to rush off and snatch short breaks at weekends among the cherished invalids who are his real family.

Leonard's RAF associates were only too happy to have him back. They may have been mystified by his eccentricity in running a Free Home for Unwanted Sick and in becoming a Catholic, but of his unchanged ability and skill as an air strategist they were in no doubt whatever. Even if I knew the type of work he is doing on a remote airfield in the English countryside, I could not say a word about it. What I can say without in the least infringing security is that Leonard Cheshire regards it as the most responsible task he has ever been commissioned to undertake. His technical knowledge, founded on the experience wrested from one hundred wartime bombing missions over enemy territory, is being turned to long-term account. For his belief in the system of dead-accurate air attacks, controlled throughout by key pilots specially selected for their leadership and tenacity of purpose, is reinforced now by moral principles. He realizes that one man alone may find it impossible to alter the whole trend of air strategy, at any rate quickly; and he views with some misgiving the building of powerful, up-to-date jet-bombers from which, presumably, bigger and better loads can be dropped blindly and "safely" from great heights on cities and their inhabitants. Cheshire is aware, too, that if ever the atom bomb is used

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again, present strategy may well ordain its use in the same indiscriminate fashion—unless it can be proved that there is a real alternative to present strategy. He thinks there is. And he is surely in a better position than any other Catholic to be so emphatic about technical as distinct from moral reasons for his conviction.

Even while humanity stumbles toward the brink of a Third World War, in which indiscriminate bombing with terrifying weapons of mass destruction may be employed on a huge scale, Cheshire's own attitude is unmistakably clear and detached. He may be already too late to prove that policy can be changed; yet I am certain that if war should come he will prove, in the teeth of adversity, that his views cannot be changed.

"By vocation," he wrote to me recently, "I am if anything an airman. I have always enjoyed the thought of battle, and my conversion has not changed me in this respect. If there has to be a war, fighting comes to me as a natural and even wholesome activity, but only so far as it applies to the opposing armed forces. . . . But when war extends to the civilian population, it changes its character completely and I cannot conceive that any man engaged in mass indiscriminate bombing could supernaturalize his actions as I know he can when he is fighting a pitched battle. It is on these grounds that I account for the moral blight that descended upon us at the time of Nagasaki. My instinct is to place this type of attack in the category of unlawful killing, conditioned by the same moral law and subject to the same inevitable consequences. . . .

"I am not condemning strategic bombing in all its forms: to do so would be unrealistic and unjust. My object is to make it clear that, given the will, one can set whatever limit one chooses to its application; and that therefore nations are free to decide the degree of casualties they propose to inflict on the civilian population of their enemy. . . . There are clearly certain installations, such for example as oil, airfields, and vital communications, the destruction of which may lead to the unavoidable loss of civilian life. . . . But this freedom of choice, by its very existence, involves every one of us in a share of responsibility for the outcome. We shall not be able to plead that it was not our concern."

THOSE are strong words written, as I know, after long and mature thought. They may fall lightly on the unheeding ears of millions; but they cannot be ignored by the main force of thinking Catholics in the West who may suddenly find themselves involved in total warfare, even against the most ruthless and inhuman foe.

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THE SIGN

HIGH ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 63)

"Some woman just brought an armful of flowers. The altars are decorated already, so I thought you might . . ."

"Just what I have been praying for!" I exclaimed with joy.

And on my return that afternoon I was met by a sacristan, no longer smiling, but utterly distracted. "Tell God you have enough flowers for today," she pleaded. "Two old ladies brought some daffodils right after you left, and an old man phoned that he was sending some tulips over for the Sisters. Just before you came in just now a boy came from the florist with a box of roses. And there are no more vases."

At that moment the doorbell rang again, and I fled. Prayer was the ideal radio contact, and answers came with such breathtaking swiftness.

THE day seemed endless, almost as endless as the noise. Heels pounded; books dropped; doors slammed; and now . . .

"Vote for Chub for Alderman!" a nasal voice suddenly blared. "Vote for Chub!"

I wondered what would happen if I screamed. Certainly whatever noise I made would be no worse than the endless whirl of ambulances, four-ton trucks, and chugging motorcycles which took their delight in passing the classroom. And no villain awaiting his cue in the wings could appear with more nicely timed precision and malice than did the grotesque succession of moving billboards.

Whenever my class and I had trudged up the steep heights of heroism or courage or love or sacrifice, one of these monstrosities was sure to creep past the window and pause for a stop light, and jolt everyone back into the commonplace. And the class would gape (as though they had never seen the things before!) and be enlightened by the startling caption of NOTE "NO" ON NUMBER ONE, OF SEE TARZAN AT THE ORPHEUM, OF DON'T MISS DOLLAR DAY AT PEG'S. The airs were usually the same—"Stars and Stripes Forever" (always slightly out of tune), "Notre Dame Victory March," or "Beer Barrel Polka"—and the magic moment would have vanished. Like the time we were all caught in the spell of

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know . . ."

only to be interrupted with a principal's bombastic announcement (the direct result of an irate janitor's tirade) about the punishment which would in future be meted out to those who disregarded the cans for refuse and threw garbage and orange peels over the adjoining fence. The class had sat there quite as

stunned as I. Garbage? What did it mean?

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all

Ye know . . ."

I could feel my blood freeze at the mere recollection.

"Vote for Chub!" the voice droned away in the distance. "Vote for Chub!"

Between classes Phyllis came up to the desk. "Sister, Margie's been crying. Her mother said she couldn't be bothered picking out a formal with her, and now Margie doesn't know if her dress is all right or not."

"Tell Margie I want her," I said, knowing well how deep are the scars and heartaches of youth. "And by the way, Phyllis, what is the matter with Phyllis these days? Your marks are falling dreadfully."

"I know, Sister, but I've got so much on my mind."

"Why, what's the trouble?"

"It's my parents, Sister. They're so young that I'm practically raising them."

Poor little girl, with a playboy father and a night-club mother, and a philosophy that measures life in terms of good times!

And so problems multiplied throughout the day: "What kind of corsage do you think she'd like?" "Is it really a twelve-piece orchestra?" "Won't you please pray that Bill's dad lets him have the car?"

There were puzzles, too. "Sister, my boy friend has to work tonight. What'll I do?" It was Lenore, whose good times were so pitifully few.

"If you don't mind a blind date, Lenore, I know a perfect solution."

"Sister, whatta ya do if the girl you asked hasn't a formal?" Frank's eyes were troubled.

"Let me think. I know! There are a couple of dreamy formals in the costume room. One will surely fit her. Come along!"

"Sister, I musta lost my bid. I had it right here in my chemistry, but . . ."

So the day sped on, and at last it was night, starry and beautiful, an ideal night for a prom.

"Dear God," I prayed. "Dear God, take care of all of them. I feel just like the old woman in the shoe, but if anything should happen, I'd be . . ."

There was a light tap on my shoulder, and a voice whispered, "Sister, the superior said to tell you that Margie is down in the parlor to show you her formal and her boy friend."

At the parlor door I paused a moment. Margie was speaking. "Never met a Sister before? You don't know what you've missed. Take our teacher, for instance. She thinks I'm tops. And am I going to disappoint her? Not much!"

Somewhere on a flowered hillside a little girl waved a last farewell. I knew at last. I was really a nun!



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THE ADOPTION

(Continued from page 44)

might live. But today John Warren stands a better man than I."

"I'm Jack's father like now, Mr. Rockett," I said to that, "and so no fair judge. Who is it tells you so?"

"A girl—and only this very day. 'I want no tale of your fleets and your millions,' she said. 'When a woman's lost her youth and her hope of love from the man she wants, maybe then 'tis fleets and millions she'll be ready to look at. And if the women you've known heretofore haven't told you as much, it's either fearing or jeering you they were,' she said."

"Young women overhappy in love are sometimes overproud, too, when least they think it," was the best I could say to that; "but it might be, too, I could not but think that you that is Henry Wing's adopted son and trained to his way of thinking didn't think to forget, for the while, that you were boss of two thousand men."

THERE seemed to be no further word from my father or Miles, so my mother left her mending and stood up to make the pot of tea that never a night of his life at home did my father go to bed without.

"And where is Jackie tonight, Mrs. Donlin?" asked Miles.

"Where would he be," said my mother, "and he now a great, strong man of twenty-three and wishful to marry—where but calling on the girl that chose him before Henry Wing's adopted son."

"It is great news," said Miles to that. "But aside from knowing her own mind, which it is plain she does, I'm curious to know what kind is she likewise, Mrs. Donlin?"

And my mother said: "Rare and lovely she is, and 'tis Jackie's children will never want for a mother's love and he marries her."

Said Miles then: "I'm thinking, Mrs. Donlin, that 'tis more than lovely and rare she must be, when one good woman can speak so of another that's about to take him that's good as her eldest son from her."

"'Tis time you had your cuppeen o' tea with Dan," said my mother, and passed them their cups.

Miles drank his cup and set it down. "God save you and us, Dan, against the day you'll go as Tom Rockett and Jack Warren went," said Miles.

"God save us against it too!" said my father; "but which of us is it can choose his own way of going at the last?"

And hearing him say that, and the way he said it, my little brother Dannie, that slept in the little room off where we were, but wasn't now asleep at all, he began to cry to himself; and my mother

heard him, and, pretending to great wrath, "The little torment!" she said, "awake at this hour of night!"

"Whisht!" said my father, "let be the poor lad!"—and went in and bent over the little bed. "Who is it," he said, "that's sobbing here like wee little waves crying out through the vessel's scuppers in the dark night? Oh-h, Oh-h—here he is! Come here, avick!" and took Dannie up and held him, a round ball like, curled up to his breast, and carried him out by the stove and danced him, Dannie sitting atop of one of his Christmas slippers, to the tune of "Three Score and Ten, Sir." A jog of his foot and a yard into the air Dannie would go, while my father sang:

"The Jennie Lee has put to sea
With the swash a-floodin' her rail, sir.
'What kind is she when runnin' free?'
'Oh, the devil 'n' all to sail, sir!'"

"Then drive the Jennie around the Cape
And whistle her down the coast, sir!
And back she'll come four thousand tons
O' coal for the Christmas roast, sir!"

And when he had had enough of that, my father put him back in bed, and my mother tucked him snug in again, scolding and kissing him together, and my father left the room door wide open for the heat of the fire the better to go in to him; and poked up, too, the fire so Dannie might look out from his bed and see the red color shining out through the grate.

"The foolish whims of you!" said my mother. "The fire will die now in the night, and you have your breakfast to eat in the cold room of a winter morning."

"And let it ten times die!" laughed my father. "Fast enough the cold will go when above the blue sea the bright sun will come lepping. This time to-morrow night it is maybe over Nantucket shoals I'll be thrashin' that long brute of a five-master, and then 'tis the picture of him I want to have before me—the shining eyes of him lookin' out at the warm, rosy coals, the while my own do be lookin' out on the cold black waters."

MILES stood up to put on his coat and, reaching for his cane, he said: "A pity it is when the wreck of a vessel isn't ended with them that's lost in her. And yet that same Tom Rockett's son—he must be something of a man for all that, Dan?"

"He is that, Miles. Could he be Tom Rockett's son—even after twenty years—and not have something of Tom Rockett in him?"

"Poor boy!" said my mother, softly, then. "To have so much and so little! But as my own mother, God rest her soul, would say: 'The full o' grace, and the height o' place—'tis too much to be asking for at the one time!'"

LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

chaplain. I think you will welcome this information.

The picture of the chaplain giving absolution to a critically wounded soldier at the Collecting Hospital Station is that of Father Arthur Jankowski, O.F.M., of the Polish Province. We were together at the time, assigned to the famous 27th Infantry Regiment—the Wolfhounds. If I recall correctly, the picture was taken some time in August. Thought you might like the information.

REV. JOSEPH PARENT, O.F.M.
San Francisco, Calif.

A Pastor's Appraisal

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As a priest and pastor of a steel plant community, there is only one magazine that I "devour," namely, THE SIGN. I marvel that each issue is as absorbing as the preceding one—especially the three articles under the heading of "The American Scene," and the three under the heading, "The World Scene."

The timely and superbly written contents illustrated by actual photographs give THE SIGN perennial appeal for those who want facts, and interpretation of these facts to understand the complications of current events. When Elizabeth Bentley, for instance, tells of her gradual descent into Communism one can understand "The Appeal of Communism" for students at Vassar, Wellesley, and other secularist colleges.

Apparently, THE SIGN has no salesmen other than those who have read an issue of it. "One tells another" seems to be your slogan for selling THE SIGN. I would like to tell every priest in America—lay hold of THE SIGN—any issue, and see what I mean.

REV. MAURICE O'CONNOR

Duluth, Minn.

Fillers

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In reply to Marie Tresca's emotional and lack-reasoning response to the G. B. Shaw fillers, I would like to assure her (if that could be done) that both "fillers" were 100 per cent correct—not an 'nth of an iota wrong. But Marie Tresca doesn't know the difference between a reformer and a teacher. St. Francis was a reformer and he began with himself. The Divine Master was a Teacher—teaching us things we didn't know and explaining what we knew—but didn't understand—and a lot more.

CARL MINDEN

Boston, Mass.

"Personalities Reborn"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In response to your "Personalities Reborn," by Blake Clark, in your November issue—I happen to be one of these "reborn personalities," so I can fully appreciate the tremendous job Vocational Rehabilitation is doing. After an attack of polio in nurses' training, I was enabled to get my degree in science from St. Mary's College, Notre Dame. Since then (1949) I have been teaching in their nursing school.

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New Readers

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

So far we have received two copies and each new issue surpasses our expectations. Our greatest satisfaction stems from the able manner in which your editorial staff presents its many interesting articles in readable layman English.

Mr. & Mrs. T. H. FARRELL

Toronto, Canada

"The Cross of God's Mercy"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

An orchid to Father Gerard Rooney for his article, "The Cross of God's Mercy" which appeared in the March, 1950, issue of THE SIGN. I am confined to the house and cannot walk without assistance. I have not been to Mass for years because of arthritis in the hip joints. I thought of writing Father Rooney that one soul had been benefited through his pen.

ANNA NAGLE

Cleveland, Ohio.

"Cead Mile Failte"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"Cead Mile Failte" is an ancient Scottish greeting and only the Scots can say it! The first part of this statement is absolutely true. The second part is just as true as the counterpart you had in the November issue, "Cead Mile Failte," by Father Griffiths. I'll wager that more Scottish people are acquainted with the salutation and use it more than Irishmen. "A hundred thousand welcomes" is a characteristic Highland welcome.

I'm not "agin" your magazine. It's truly magnificent. But the ratio of articles on Scottish life or incidents and Irish articles leaves one with the impression that Scottish Catholics do not amount to anything, or do not constitute interesting reading.

Sydney, N.S., has a population of about 35,000—maybe a small city in comparison with New York. But the inscription on the archway leading into the main park of this predominately Scottish city is "Cead Mile Failte!"

M. B. MACKENZIE

Sydney N.S.

Counting Prayers

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would like to make a comment on the letter of A. T. Hardick in the December issue of THE SIGN, and the suggestion that one Hail Mary a day said by the Catholics for the welfare of our country would make futile the efforts of Russia to impose a Communist regime.

Many of our Catholic magazines and newspapers frequently offer the same idea from other readers, and while Faith is, of course, a cardinal virtue, this idea seems closer to presumption. We Catholics are, I believe, about one-fifth of the population

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of the United States, and it is hardly probable that one Hail Mary a day from so small a proportion would have such power at the Throne of God.

F. J. RYAN

Cincinnati, Ohio

Yugoslavia

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

This note is by way of expressing appreciation to you for what we consider the very best and most comprehensive article on aid to Yugoslavia.

In the past several years we have watched closely articles that have appeared in our local press, (Cincinnati) and we have noted over these years their everlasting compromising with their aid to Communism. And never has it failed to be along the line of appeasement.

That is one of the chief reasons why we liked your editorial: "Unconditional Aid to Yugoslavia."

All of us know that there is no such thing as a good and bad Communist. It is only because of expediency that we give aid to the bloody butcher, Tito. It's one of the crimes of our times.

JOHN S. WHITTLE

Covington, Ky.

Poetic Suggestions

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I thought it well to include a few comments on the December, 1950 issue.

The excellent couplets of Jessica Powers, "Pars Hiemalis," could be improved by reading the second line of the first couplet in this way: "Upon each choir box are laid."

On page 18, third column, last line of third paragraph, would not "right-wing Parties," instead of "right-hand Parties" be more in harmony with current style?

In "Twosome at Tea," page 50, the last line "Yet both of us knew he'd return for tea"—is hardly a happy one. The fourth stanza said "someone heard our tete-à-tete." Because of His presence, would not a line something like this be more appropriate: "And prayed to God to strengthen me?"

The article, "A Watchful Eye on Their Steps" by Kathleen and Clarence Enzler, is one of the most illuminating and inspirational articles that THE SIGN has ever published. The authors are real Christians. You are to be congratulated for printing it.

POETASTER

Boston, Mass.

"Bigotry in U.S.A."

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I happened to pick up THE SIGN in the local railroad station. I read it and came across your article on Al Smith. You have spoken the truth on Al. I was in Nashville, Tenn., and preachers in small and large towns were preaching about the Church and her servants. When poor Al came to Nashville just a week before the election, there was such a crowd that you couldn't get near him. But on election day he got just about 1500 votes in Nashville. I think if anyone is to be made a saint Al should be made one.

MILLARD R. BURKE

Blue Island, Ill.

February, 1951

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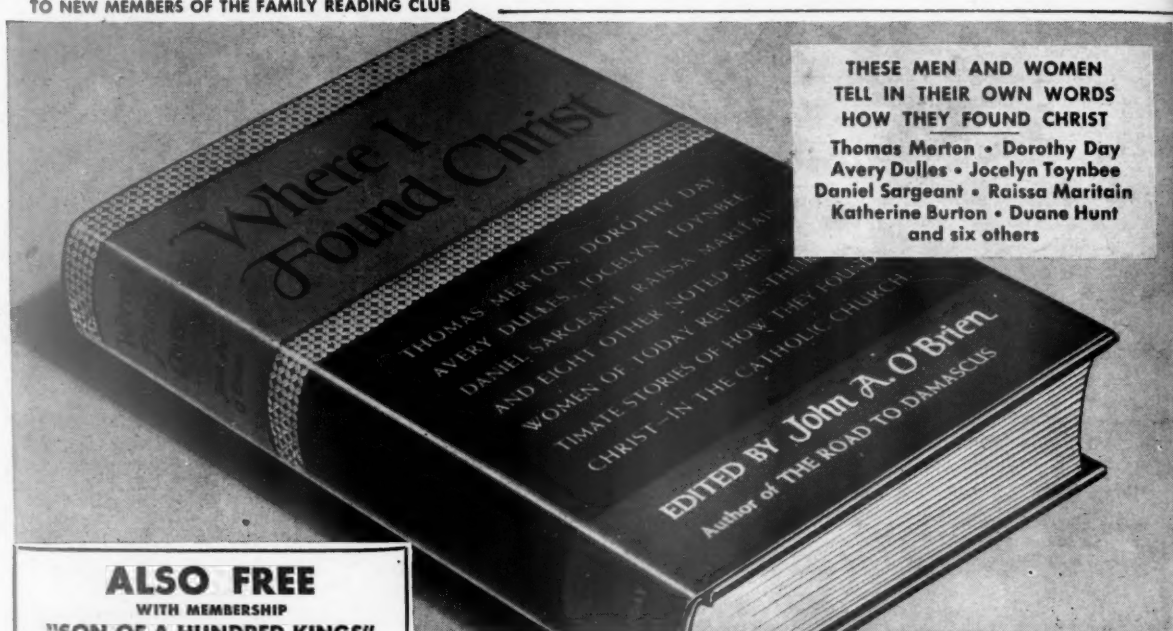
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